

AUGUST 12, 1921

No. 828

7 Cents

FAME AND

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

\$10,000 REWARD OR THE FORTUNE OF A BANK CLERK

(A WALL ST. STORY)

By A Self-Made Man

AND OTHER STORIES



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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1921.

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\$10,000 REWARD

OR, THE FORTUNE OF A BANK CLERK

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—At the Old Roadhouse.

"I call this beastly luck! I've missed the right road and taken the old one by mistake. That means I won't reach Cloverdale in time to catch the next train. That's bad enough, but to make matters a whole lot worse a thunderstorm is coming up with racehorse speed, and unless I can find shelter mighty soon I'll be drenched to the skin."

Thus spoke Ed Reynolds, a young bank clerk of Wall street, New York, as he spun along a dark, lonesome road at a spanking gait. It was then half-past eight on Saturday night. After leaving the bank at one o'clock that day and going to his home on the outskirts of Jersey City, his mother told him that she wanted him to go at once to the home of his aunt, who lived at Ringwood, a village five miles from Cloverdale, which was twenty miles south of Jersey City, on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, as she had received a letter that morning from her sister, informing her that she was very ill.

As any request his mother made was law with Ed, and, moreover, he was very fond of his Aunt Lucy, he lost no time in starting. In preference to hiring a rig at Cloverdale to ride out to Ringwood when he got off the train, he decided to use his bicycle. Accordingly, he rode to the depot on his wheel and checked it for Cloverdale after buying his ticket. A local train took him to Cloverdale in twenty-five minutes, and he reached his aunt's house at five o'clock. He found her very much better and in no particular danger.

Knowing that his mother was anxiously awaiting his return, he declined a pressing invitation to remain all night, and about eight o'clock he started to return to Cloverdale station to catch the 9 o'clock train for Jersey City. As the night was a dark one, he missed his way, running into the old country road where it joined the new one, and now found himself in a grave predicament. The old road would take him to Cloverdale, too, but it was a long and roundabout way, and for that reason the county had built the new road for the benefit of the many automobiles that passed that way. The storm was coming on apace, and matters looked very disagreeable for Ed when he rounded a turn in the road and saw a light ahead. That meant a house, and the boy decided to ask for shelter there. Before he reached it the wind came down on him with

hurricane force, and the first big drops began to fall. The flashes of lightning showed him the house standing beside the road.

He saw that it bore a sign of some kind in front, and he judged that it was an old roadhouse at which autos formerly stopped for gasoline and to have repairs made, and where the occupants of the vehicles could liquor if they wished. It was a rocky old building, and had gone from bad to worse ever since the new road had diverted the traffic.

The light disappeared from the window before Ed reached it, and he was about to knock when he noticed that a sort of veranda ran around on the side of the building where he could find shelter from the storm which, from the direction it was coming, would spend all its force on the other side of the house. That would do away with the necessity of intruding from the inmates, and so Ed sprang off his wheel and ran it upon the low porch and hugged the wall close to a window that had a crack and a hole in it, as though a pistol ball had passed through it at some time.

Hardly had he taken his position there when the room to which the window belonged was illuminated by a lamp carried in the hand of a coarse-featured, ill-dressed woman, who entered at that moment, followed by a poorly dressed man, whose features indicated a rascally nature.

"I will grumble," Ed heard the woman say, for sounds came easily through the cracked and rickety window. "It's the only consolation left to me. We are ruined and beggared by the new road which has taken all our custom away. Not twice in a week does a car pass our door now. Our rent will be due in a few days, and we shall be turned out, bag and baggage, into the road—turned adrift without a home, or a friend, or a dollar in the world."

"We'll have to sell out and go back to the slums of New York," replied the man, with no expression of regret on his features as he filled his pipe and scratched a match on a table near the window, on which the woman had placed the light, and at which both had taken their seats.

At that moment, through the driving storm came the honk! honk! of an automobile, and the bright glare of its twin headlights shot down the road from the same direction Ed had come. Then came the sound of a tire blowout, and the machine stopped in front of the roadhouse.

"What's that?" exclaimed the woman, rising. She rushed to the front window nearest her, with an exclamation.

"What's the matter, old woman?" asked the man.

Three loud toots from the machine, however, told him. He got on his feet and threw open the door.

"Hello!" he said. "What can we do for you?"

"One of my tires has blown out. Will you help me put a new one on?" replied a voice from the auto.

"I will after the storm blows over. In the meantime you'd better come in here and have a warm drink," said the proprietor of the dilapidated roadhouse.

Another crash of thunder prevented the traveler's reply from being heard, but he was seen getting out of the machine. A couple of springs carried him under the front porch, and in another moment he entered the house, his waterproof shining with moisture.

"Put some more coal on the fire, old woman," said the proprietor. "Let me help you off with your waterproof, sir," he added to the stranger.

The newcomer allowed him to take charge of the coat.

"Rather an unexpected storm," he remarked.

"Yes," nodded the proprietor, "but I guess it won't last long. I'll have a hot toddy for you as soon as my old woman stirs up the fire in the kitchen."

"You keep a roadhouse here," said the stranger, looking around him.

"Yes; but things are on the fritz, and we don't expect to keep it much longer. Nobody hardly comes this way now. The new road has queered our business, and we aren't making our salt. How came you to come this way to-night?"

"Why, am I not on the right road to Cloverdale?" asked the man, in surprise.

"Yes; but you're on the old road, that's all. It's a longer way round than the new one."

"What's your name, my friend?" asked the traveler.

"Joe Sampson."

"That's your wife who was in here?"

"Yes. She ain't quite up to snuff to-night, so you'll have to excuse her appearance. She's in bad humor, too, 'cause we've got to give up here and go back to the city. You see, she's taken a shine to the country. She expected to stay here right along—so did I, but the new road has taken the wind out of our sails."

"That's unfortunate. One man's food is another man's poison."

"The hot water is ready," said the woman, poking her head in at the door.

"Fetch it in, then," said her husband, starting for the bar.

In about five minutes Joe Sampson set a steaming drink before his visitor.

"Who is he?" asked the woman, taking him aside.

"How should I know? I didn't ask him his name," said the proprietor.

"He looks as if he had money about him," she said, eyeing the stranger closely.

"That isn't our business, as long as he has

enough to pay the score. There'll be a charge for helping him put a new tire on."

"Fool! What does all that amount to?" she sneered.

"A dollar, perhaps."

"A dollar! What's a dollar?"

"What are you trying to get at—do you want me to rob him?"

"This is a lonesome road at the best. There isn't a soul nearer than half a mile. On such a night we could have things our own way. Get him to take another drink and see that it's doctored. You know where the drops are—in a little blue bottle in the bar drawer. Give him a strong dose and he'll go off to sleep like a baby. Then we'll go through him. Take everything he's got and make tracks for New York, leaving our things just as they are, for we can't sell them, anyway. We'll make enough out of him to set us up again somewhere else."

"It's taking great chances, old woman," he said, in an undecided way, for the woman's suggestion had aroused the slumbering evil in his soul.

"Well, is it to be done?" whispered his wife, who was eager to handle the money she believed the stranger had in his pockets.

"I don't know," said her husband.

"You don't know! What's come over you, Joe Sampson? Many a time you've——"

"Hush! Hush! He might hear you."

"Quick! Make your decision, or leave the job to me."

"Would you dare——"

"Yes; the way things are with us now I'd dare anything to get money. That we must have or we'll starve, and I'm not going to do that if I can help it."

"Well, we'll do the trick if we can," he said.

"That's the way to talk," said the woman triumphantly.

Sampson then walked over to the visitor, who was helping himself to a second cigar.

"How did the toddy go, sir?" he asked.

"First rate. I think I'll take another, if it isn't too much to ask of you."

"Too much? Certainly not! The liquor is behind the bar, and the hot water and sugar are handy. I'll make it for you right away."

The woman, who had been listening, grinned exultantly.

"I told you it would be easy," she whispered, starting for the door to get the hot water.

In a few minutes she returned with the steaming kettle.

"Have you put the drops in?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," replied her husband, in a growling tone.

"I hope you've given him a strong dose. We want time to get away to a distance before he gets back his senses."

"There, it's ready. Take it to him. You might as well have a hand in it as it's your scheme."

The woman, nothing loath, took the tumbler of hot toddy to the stranger and set it down before him. After taking a few puffs at his cigar he finished the glass, rose and went to the front window to take a look at the weather.

CHAPTER II.—The Crime at the Roadhouse.

While things were proceeding inside the roadhouse, Ed remained outside waiting for the storm to move off so he could proceed. He occasionally looked in at the window and studied the stranger's face. It looked a bit familiar to him, and that caused him to conclude that the traveler by the auto was connected with Wall Street. The worst of the storm had passed over, but it was still raining briskly, and as Ed knew he had lost the nine o'clock train and now would have to wait for the 10:40, he saw no need of special hurry, for that would mean a wetting. The roadhouse man opened the door and looked out.

"We'll be able to get to work on your tire in fifteen minutes," he said to the stranger.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the gentleman. "The storm doesn't seem to have cooled the air any. I find it very much closer than when I came in," and the speaker put his hand to his head.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, but I don't feel just right," he said at length.

Sampson and his wife made no answer. The gentleman grasped the back of the chair to sustain himself and slid into it in a heavy way. His eyes looked dull and fishy, and he couldn't see well.

"Landlord!" he cried. "Fetch me some brandy."

"No brandy," answered Sampson, "but if you want a straight whisky——"

"Fetch it," said the stranger thickly.

The roadhouse keeper went over to the bar, poured out some whisky in a small glass, taking his time over it, and brought it to the table. The gentleman, who was staring straight ahead of him, seized it and drank it down at a gulp. His hand dropped heavily to the table and the glass rolled over to the lamp. Ed happened to look in at that moment and the gentleman's actions surprised him.

"Good gracious! What's the matter with him?" he ejaculated.

Then he saw the roadhouse keeper shut and bolt the door, and he and his wife approach the table and look hard at the gentleman.

"He's safe" said the woman. "Now we can take our time and go through him. Ah! there's nothing like a drug to put a man to sleep and keep him from knowing what's going on."

Ed easily heard her words, and for the first time his suspicions were aroused.

"Good gracious! They've drugged the gentleman right under my nose, and now they're going to rob him. What shall I do?"

Quick reflection told him that he couldn't do much at that moment. The villainous pair dragged the gentleman, chair and all, over to a corner near the bar and went through his pockets. The first thing the man pulled out was a pocketbook filled with money. The next thing that turned up was a small packet, which the woman seized.

"What is it?" said the man, reaching for it.

"Hands off, Joe Sampson, do you want everything?"

She tore off the wrapping and exposed the contents.

"Bonds!" exclaimed Sampson. "Let me look at them."

The woman, who did not understand their value, did so.

"Five \$5,000 Government bonds," said the roadhouse keeper. "They're worth \$25,000, old gal. This is a big haul."

"They're mine!" screeched the woman, snatching them from him.

Some bills and loose change were taken from the gentleman's pockets, and then his diamond pin and cuff buttons were secured. A gold-mounted fountain pen completed the robbery.

"Count the money in the pocketbook and see how much we've got," said the woman.

Samson did so, and announced that the amount was \$8,000.

"Give it to me, and you shall have the bonds," said Meg.

"Not on your life, old gal," grinned her husband.

"Give me half, then."

The man demurred and they quarreled over the division for a while.

"We'll leave him behind the bar here," said Sampson.

"While I get ready you go out and put a new tire on the machine. We want to use the car to get away in," said his wife.

"I can't do the job alone. You'll have to help me," said the man.

Together they went out to put the tire on, and Ed drew back out of sight to avoid discovery. Realizing that he could do nothing to recover the booty from the man and woman, he figured that the best thing he could do was to wait till he could get away unobserved and then put the Cloverdale police on the track of the pair. By taking note of the number of the car and its general appearance, the country police would have time enough to wire the Jersey City authorities to catch the two at the ferry, or before they reached it.

Some time elapsed before the man, with his wife's help, got the new tire on. Then, after she had gone back into the house, Sampson examined the machine carefully, putting several gallons of gasoline into the tank. Ed thought he would never finish up, and as the moments flew by his impatience to be off increased.

At last the roadhouse keeper was satisfied with the condition of the car and he went into the house and did not come out again. Then the boy took to the road and started for Cloverdale as fast as the moist state of the road would permit him to go. In due time he saw lights ahead that indicated he was drawing near the town. When he reached it he inquired his way to the station house. There he told his story of the crime at the roadhouse, and after giving his name and business address he was permitted to catch the last local train for Jersey City.

CHAPTER III.—Ed Calls on the Victim of the Robbery.

Ed Reynolds was recognized by those who knew him as a smart boy. He had entered the

Lawrence Bank as messenger after a year's experience in the same capacity in a stock broker's office, and in the course of time was promoted to a junior clerkship. While messenger for the stock broker he had learned to speculate in a small way in the stock market, and when he entered the bank he continued the practice on the quiet at odd times when the opportunity offered. Luck so far had followed his stock deals, and from a very small capital he had acquired the sum of \$2,500. Knowing that his operations would not be viewed with favor by his superiors, he kept the matter secret, not even telling his mother.

A number of stock brokers had accounts with the Lawrence Bank, and a few days before our story opens Ed, whose desk was against the glass partition, in which there was a window close by, overheard two of them at the rear of the line of people drawing out money, speaking about a combine which had been formed to corner and boom A. & G. shares. He didn't hear much, for the brokers moved on with the line, but what he did hear convinced him that he had got hold of a good thing, and when he went to lunch that day he went up to the little bank and brokerage house on Nassau street and ordered 200 shares of A. & G. bought for his account at the market price of 92.

Since getting in on this latest deal he watched the stock through the papers, and by watching the tape of a ticker a few minutes when he went to lunch he kept posted. It was twenty minutes of twelve when he reached home from Cloverdale, and after telling his mother that she had no cause to worry over the condition of his Aunt Lucy, he proceeded to explain the cause of his being so late. His mother was astonished when he related the particulars of his adventure.

"You did not discover who the gentleman was?" she said.

The Sunday morning paper was always left on the front stoop before anybody was up, and the first thing Ed did the next morning was to go out and get it. Picking out the news section, he scanned the columns carefully for the story he expected to see. The story was there, as wired from Cloverdale, and the gentleman who was robbed had been found to be George Leslie, senior partner of Leslie & Norton, stock brokers, Vanderpool Building, Exchange place. Ed's name was printed and his services set forth according to the story he had himself told the Cloverdale police.

He was disappointed to find that in spite of the instructions forwarded by the Cloverdale authorities, the rascally pair and their automobile had not turned up in Jersey City at the time the paper went to press. Whether they had been captured later Ed had no means of learning. As soon as his mother came down he read the story to her and expressed the regret he felt that the man and woman had apparently escaped capture.

Next morning there was nothing about the affair in the papers, but when he reached the bank he found that some of the clerks had read the story in the New York papers and had thereby learned of his connection with the case. He was plied with questions by his curious associates, and he gave them such additional facts

as had escaped the newspapers. About eleven o'clock he was called into the president's room.

"I saw by the papers that you had something of an adventure in New Jersey on Saturday night," said the head of the bank.

"Yes, sir," replied Ed.

"I should be glad to hear the facts from yourself."

Ed related everything that had happened.

"I have just received a message from Mr. George Leslie. He wishes to see you. You had better go to his office at once, Room 225, Vanderpool Building."

"Very well, sir," replied Ed.

He got his hat and started for Exchange place. Leslie & Norton had a suite of rooms on the second floor of the Vanderpool Building, and when Ed presented himself there he sent his name to Mr. Leslie and was immediately admitted. He at once recognized the gentleman he had seen at the roadside on the old road.

"I read your story in the papers and I sent for you to learn the full particulars from your own lips, as I dare say all the facts were not printed."

"I am ready to tell you everything, sir."

"Go ahead."

Ed did so, explaining the cause of his presence in that part of the country, and how, having gone out of his way and been overtaken by the thunderstorm, he had taken shelter under the side porch of the roadhouse.

"After I caught a look at the man and woman who occupied the house I can't say that I cared for a close acquaintance with them," he went on. "I saw you come there and go into the place, because you couldn't go any farther, owing to the bursting of one of your front tires. As I had no suspicions that the people had any designs on you, I did not pay any particular attention to what was transpiring on the inside until your strange actions attracted my notice."

Ed then told him how he had seen the people take a pocketbook containing money from him after he became unconscious, also a package, which the woman tore open and found contained five \$5,000 Government bonds. He explained how they had divided the plunder between them.

"I hope you will get everything back in a day or two," said the boy.

"I trust so. I thank you for coming here and telling me your story. If I can ever do you a favor, call on me and I won't forget you."

That closed the interview, and Ed, after getting his lunch, returned to the bank.

CHAPTER IV.—The Man With the \$15,000 Check.

Ed followed his stock deal as best he could. As he was working on a tip he believed he had a first-rate chance of winning. He made some inquiries about A. & G., and those he talked to said it was a good stock to take a chance in at that time, when it was selling low. He thought so himself, and had great confidence in the outcome of his speculation. At the end of another week A. & G. rose to 100. That put Ed \$1,600 ahead on his deal. On the succeeding Monday

the stock began to boom in earnest at the Exchange, and rapidly went up to 105.

Ed thought of selling at that figure, but finally decided to hold on till the next day, for it looked good for a higher price. This proved to be correct, and when he went to his lunch next day it was up to 112. After hastily eating a sandwich and a cup of coffee, he rushed up to the little bank on Nassau street and a glance at the blackboard showed him that A. & G. was going at 112 3-8. He immediately ordered his shares sold and returned to the bank, satisfied that he would clear \$4,000 on his deal, which was a lot of money for him. Two days later he called at the little bank, got his statement and his money. That day Ed noticed a prominent advertisement in his evening paper, and he found it was also printed in a couple of others, headed: "\$10,000 Reward!" It was signed by George Leslie, and contained a full description of the bonds he had lost, the amount of cash taken from him and a description of the diamond pin, cuff buttons and gold-mounted fountain pen.

There was also a general description of Joe Sampson and his wife Meg.

"I wish I could get a line on that villainous pair; I might be able to earn the reward myself," he said to himself. "I'm kind of sorry now that I didn't hang around the roadhouse longer that night. I might have found a chance to put the man and woman out of business."

On Sunday afternoon Ed took his wheel and went for a spin along the road that carried him clear up on top of the Palisades, facing the upper part of New York. He went out through a little patch of woods to reach the edge of the cliffs. While wondering what New York would look like if it was not hemmed in by two great rivers, he heard voices of men behind him.

"Nobody will hear us out here, Bagley, so you can explain your scheme," said one of the men.

"Take a look at that check and tell me what you think of it," said Bagley.

"Pay to William Brown the sum of \$15,000, and signed by John D. Spinner. Where did you get hold of it?"

Ed pricked up his ears, for he knew that John D. Spinner was one of his bank's largest depositors.

"Never mind where or how I got it; I have it and that's enough," said Bagley.

"What good is it to you?"

"No good as it stands now; but as your name is Willard Browne, with an 'e,' if William were changed to Willard and an 'e' added to the last name, it would fit you exactly."

"That would be tampering with the check."

"What of it? Fifteen thousand dollars is worth running a little risk to get. You and me are pretty hard up, and if we could manage to capture that sum it would put us on Easy street."

"Most likely it would land us both in jail."

"Nonsense! Mr. Spinner has gone to Philadelphia on business, to be away three or four days, so he won't be on hand to worry us. He mailed that check to Mr. Brown, or rather he put it in an envelope, addressed it and gave it to a servant, who is a friend of mine to mail. Instead of reaching the mail box, the letter came into my hands and I don't think it will go through the mail now."

"Whatever gets into your hands seldom goes the right road," said Browne dryly.

"Never mind about that. Now look here, if I make the needed changes in such a way that they will pass the eyes of the paying teller at the Lawrence Bank, will you go there and present the check for payment?"

"I might if it was a small check; but \$15,000—that's another thing. The paying teller doesn't know me. He wouldn't pay such a sum unless I was fully identified."

"That's right. I'm going to see that you are fully identified. You will indorse the check in your customary way of writing your name. Underneath your name I will have the following put: 'Signature guaranteed, John D. Spinner,' in Mr. Spinner's handwriting."

"That will be forgery."

"That is nothing to you as long as you don't do it."

"I'll think it over on our way back."

"All right. Come on. There is no further use of our remaining here."

During the foregoing, Ed had managed to get a look at the two men. He was satisfied, as they walked off, that he would know them again.

"It was a lucky thing I came out here this afternoon," he thought. "If that fellow Browne, with an E, tries to cash a check in our bank, he'll find that he's up against it, all right. If he's sensible, he won't try it. I'll tell the cashier in the morning about the scheme and he'll put the paying teller up to it, then if Mr. Browne calls he'll go to jail in quick order, and his pal on the outside will be gathered in at the same time."

Ed mounted his wheel and rode home. The boy, however, didn't reach the bank at his usual time next morning. The trolley car in which he was riding to the ferry collided with an automobile and he and several other passengers were held as witnesses to the affair and taken to the company's office to be examined. Here, in spite of their protests, they were delayed some time pending the arrival of the official who looked after such matters.

They were promised compensation for their time, and so it was eleven o'clock by the time Ed entered the bank. As he passed along the corridor he saw a man at the paying teller's window raking a lot of \$20 gold pieces into a bag he held under the shelf. The moment he looked at him he saw it was Browne. As the rascal started for the door Ed rushed up and seized the grip.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the fellow, tugging hard at the bag.

"You'll not get away with that money if I know it," replied the boy.

Ed's action created considerable stir in the bank, and several persons rushed up to find out what the trouble was about, and among them the detective employed by the bank.

"What's the trouble, Reynolds?" he asked.

"This fellow has just cashed a check he is not entitled to," answered Ed.

"Ask the paying teller if I'm not all right," said the man.

The man was taken to the teller's window.

"You just paid this man \$15,000 on a check

signed by John D. Spinner, didn't you, Adams?" said Ed.

"Yes. What about it?" asked the teller. "It was all right."

"Do you know this man to be the party entitled to the money?"

"His indorsement is guaranteed by Mr. Spinner."

"Mr. Spinner's signature guaranteeing the indorsement is a forgery."

As Ed uttered the words the man made a break for the door with the valise, ran to a waiting cab, jumped in, and signalled the driver to go ahead. The cab started to roll away.

CHAPTER V.—Ed Acquires a Large Interest in a Dead Mine.

As Ed and the detective came tumbling out of the bank close at the rascal's heels, a man standing on the sidewalk got in their way and caused them to miss the fellow with the bag.

"Grab that chap!" said Ed to the detective. "He's the pal of the other."

The fellow, who was Bagley, eluded the grasp of the officer and slipped around the corner and disappeared into the doorway of an office building. While this was happening, Ed was chasing the cab. The vehicle would have distanced him but for the street traffic, which compelled the driver to make frequent stops. It finally dashed down Liberty street. Ed, satisfied that its destination was the Pennsylvania ferry, let it go, and keeping on to Cortlandt street, sprang onto an American Express wagon that he surmised was also bound for the ferry. He hurriedly explained to the driver his errand and was allowed to ride.

"There's the cab now, entering the ferry house," said Ed, as they were crossing West street, which faces on the North river.

A special officer stood at the door of the ferry house. Ed hurriedly explained the situation to him. They went aboard the boat together and Ed singled out the cab. The man with the valise was inside the vehicle. He was placed under arrest pending an investigation. As it was impossible to get the cab off, the officer took its number and calling a deck hand told him to see that the cab returned with the boat.

Then Browne was marched off the boat, Ed following with the bag. The party went into a room of the ticket office, where there was a telephone, and Ed communicated with the bank. He told the clerk who answered him that he was Reynolds and had captured the chap who had tried to get away with the \$15,000.

"The company's officer is holding him here until somebody comes from the bank to substantiate my charge. Better hustle our detective down here at once to take charge of him."

"All right," said the clerk, ringing off.

In a short time a cab brought the detective, with the cashier. They satisfied the company's officer that the man had obtained the money from the bank under false pretences, and he gave the prisoner up to the detective. Browne, who refused to say anything, was taken to the bank

and examined there. Ed explained his grounds for stopping the man from carrying the money away. He also told how he had followed the cab and managed to reach the ferryhouse in time to prevent the prisoner from getting across the river.

Browne found his tongue and declared he was entitled to the money he got on the check. He was taken to the station house and locked up. That afternoon, when brought up before the magistrate at the Tombs Police Court for examination, a bank official, who was present, had the case continued, pending the return of John P. Spinner from Philadelphia. Mr. Spinner got back on Wednesday and was communicated with. He came to the bank and saw the check. He said he had made it out to the order of William Brown, and sent it to Mr. Brown by mail, late Saturday afternoon before leaving for Philadelphia.

"The name has been changed by somebody to Willard Browne. My signature on the back guaranteeing the indorsement is a forgery. There was nothing on the back of the check when I mailed it to Mr. Brown."

Ed was called into the president's room and told his story again for the benefit of Mr. Spinner. That gentleman thanked the boy for his efforts in trying to stop the man from getting away with the money from the bank, and for his activity in following the rascal to the ferry and securing his arrest, thereby recovering the money. Next day he sent Ed a check for \$500 as an evidence of his appreciation of his services.

When Browne was again brought before the magistrate, and Mr. Spinner testified to the fact that the name on the check had been altered from William Brown to Willard Browne, and that his signature on the back had been forged, the rascal weakened and admitted that the facts of the case were substantially as the young bank clerk stated in his testimony. He said that his friend, James Bagley, had persuaded him to cash the check as he had prepared it, offering him \$5,000 if he would put it through successfully, and having been tempted by the size of the promised sum, he had undertaken to carry out the project, with results that proved unfortunate to him.

He was remanded back to his cell and a bench warrant issued for the arrest of James Bagley on the charge of forgery and intent to defraud. Bagley was in court in disguise, and, knowing what he was up against, he took time by the forelock and got out of the city. Some days after that Ed was sent to the Park Bank on an important errand. After transacting his business he went around into Ann street, where the fakirs hold forth with their wagons, selling all manner of light merchandise, books and cheap stationery at rock bottom prices.

Ed was looking for a paper-covered novel which he thought he would find on a cart at about a quarter of its published price. While he was turning over the vendor's stock-in-trade, a shabby man came up and asked him for the loan of a nickel to get a cup of coffee.

"You mean a drink, don't you?" said Ed, who thought the man wanted rum more than he did coffee.

"No," replied the man, shaking his head; "I want something to eat bad. If you will give me a nickel I'll try and get another, and then I can get coffee and rolls in that bakery across the street."

"If you mean that, I'll stand for the coffee and rolls and a piece of pie, too."

"Then come over and see me eat," said the stranger eagerly.

Ed picked out a book, paid for it, and told the man to come on.

"It's pretty tough when a chap has to pan-handle for a meal," said the man.

"Yes," nodded Ed. "How long have you been out of work?"

"I haven't had a regular job since I came here from the West. The best I could get was to carry the banner for a restaurant at Chatham Square, and for a dime museum on the Bowery."

Ed led the man to a restaurant and he ordered a beef stew. While eating it, the man said he had been a prospector. He had once been a rich man, had found a good prospect, and had looked for a partner in the claim. Ed here asked him:

"By the way, what's your name? Mine is Ed Reynolds."

"Jim Dixon. What do you work at?"

"I'm a clerk in a bank."

"Fine job, I should say. At any rate, you look prosperous."

"Go on with your story. How did you make out about a partner?"

"I found a man who seemed square enough. He had some money, and I took him to the place where I had made my discovery and showed him the indications. He said they looked good, and agreed to take out the papers that would secure us the claim."

"And did he?"

"He did, and we proceeded to make the necessary excavations to make good our right to the property."

"If the claim was a good one I should think you'd have made money out of it."

"The prospects looked mighty good for both of us, when along came some fellows with money and, after inspecting our claim, offered to buy us out. Neither of us was anxious to sell, and we told them so. They asked us if we had the money to work it. When we admitted that we only expected to work it in a small way they laughed and said we couldn't make it pay. Then they suggested that a company be formed. That a bunch of stock be issued and offered to the public through a promoter, and the money thus got would develop the claim. They offered to put the thing through for half interest. I objected, but my partner was in favor of it. In the end I agreed."

"The company was formed with 300,000 shares at a par value of \$1. My partner and I got 100,000 shares, the other four men took 100,000 shares, and the third 100,000 was put on the market and most of it sold at ten cents a share. When the money came in we started to open up a mine. Things went along pretty well for six months, then the lode petered out and the ore that came out wasn't worth much. Things failed to improve, so the four men got disgusted, sold their shares for anything they could get, and

left us in the lurch. Then the mine was taken off the Goldfield list because the brokers wouldn't deal in it any more.

"We couldn't raise any more money to continue work and my partner got disgusted. Finally he sold me his 50,000 shares for \$100 and went off to a new mining locality. I kept on working for a while, but I got down to bed rock and had to give up. I offered the mine for sale for \$1,000, and then \$500, but nobody would buy. I gave it up and came on to Denver. Finally I reached this town with nothing to show for all my years of labor but 100,000 shares of a busted mine."

"Which appear to be valueless," said Ed.

"It's my opinion there is paying ore in that claim if somebody with money took hold of it and kept plugging away at it."

"Why don't you try to talk it up?"

"I have, but it's no go. Nobody will touch a dead mine with a ten-foot pole."

"What are you going to do with the stock?"

"I don't know. I'd sell it at this minute for \$100. Think of that—a real mine for \$100!"

"Have you got the title papers to the claim, as well as the stock?"

"They belong to the company, but as that was busted, I took charge of them."

"I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll give you \$250 for everything."

"I'd do it if I could, but as the title is vested in the company, I can't transfer it to you. All I can sell you are the 100,000 shares. That will give you a third interest in the claim, anyway, and nobody can take it from you. I'll give you the deed and other papers and books of the company, and you can hold them."

"Where are the rest of the shares?"

"Scattered about the West, mostly."

"Is the stock non-assessable?"

"It is. If a capitalist bought up the rest of the shares he couldn't freeze you out of the third if you took the stock off my hands."

"I'll think the matter over. Where can I meet you this afternoon about five?"

"At the Empire House on the Bowery."

"I'll be there around five. Better be around the door downstairs."

"All right."

The man from the West, having finished his meal, was prepared to go, so Ed paid thirty cents and parted with him outside. At five o'clock the young bank messenger met the Westerner in front of his lodging house and went upstairs with him. An attache of the house admitted them to the storeroom, where Dixon showed Ed the stock, the deed, and other papers, and the books of the Midas Mining Company. Ed agreed to give him \$250 for everything, and the deal was consummated. The articles were made into a big bundle and, after paying over the money, the boy took them to an express office and arranged to have them delivered at his house. Satisfied with his purchase, Ed went home.

CHAPTER VI.—Robbed and Kidnapped.

On his way to lunch next day Ed stepped on part of a banana peel and got a fall that made him see stars. A gentleman who was passing

helped him up and then picking up an envelope from the sidewalk handed it to him, thinking he had dropped it. Ed took it mechanically and moved away, brushing himself and feeling somewhat cheap, for he had been given the laugh by several newsboys. When he recovered his self-possession he became aware that he was holding an envelope in his hand, and he looked at it. It was addressed to Samuel Swift, Esq. There was no address. Seeing that the flap was open, Ed took the liberty of pulling out the inclosure to see if it would afford him a clue to the party the note was intended for. The following words were written in lead pencil on a slip of paper:

"S. S.—The syndicate is complete. Start in and buy J. & D. at the market or close to it as possible. Take every share you can find till further orders.
(Signed) Pixley."

Ed knew that Pixley must mean Thomas W. Pixley, the big operator. The letter was, therefore, intended for his chief broker. Ed returned the note to the envelope, satisfied that he had got hold of a fine tip on the market. He sealed the note and, putting it in his pocket, went to lunch. Afterward he dropped in at the nearest broker's office and inquired for the address of Samuel Swift. The clerk he addressed didn't know Mr. Swift's address, and told Ed to inquire next door. He did, and there learned that Mr. Swift's office was in the Jackson Building, on Exchange place.

Ed went there, took an elevator to the third floor and presently entered the office of Swift & Co., stock brokers. Going to the cashier's window, he handed the note in, saying that he had picked it up on Broad street, and he guessed it belonged to the head of the firm. Then he went back to the bank. When he went to lunch next day he took enough time to go to the little bank on Nassau street, where he gave an order for 500 shares of J. & D. at the market price, which was 85.

On the following day Ed noticed that J. & D. had gone up a point. By the close of the week it rose another point. On the following Monday it dropped five points with a rush. Ed didn't learn that till he went to lunch. During the next two days it went down five points more. That put the boy in a flutter of apprehension. He was already \$4,000 to the bad, and if it dropped two more points he would be wiped out, for he only had about \$1,700 to meet a call for additional margin. Fortunately for him, it began to recover, and was soon at 80. By Saturday it was back to 85 again.

"That was a narrow squeeze," Ed told himself. "It would have been tough luck to shake out the stock on the market so the syndicate could get hold of it on good terms. I hope it will keep going up now."

His hopes were verified. In ten days J. & D. reached 105, and then Ed sold out and cleaned up \$10,000 on the deal.

"That was a lucky banana skin, after all," he said. "It isn't very often that a fellow gets a slip-up and makes money by it. I might have broken my arm and made nothing by the mishap."

The second day after that the messenger reported sick and Ed was called on to attend to his duties. During the early part of the afternoon, when Wall Street was at its busiest stage, Ed was sent to the Sub-Treasury Building to get \$10,000 in gold coin. He had often performed a similar errand when he was the regular messenger before being promoted to a desk. He took down from the hook the familiar old leather bag, with the long strap that went over his left shoulder and held the bag close to his right hip. Then he started on his errand. He received the money at the Sub-Treasury, carried the coin down the long, wide steps to the sidewalk, and started back for the bank. No thought of trouble on the way ever entered his mind. Nevertheless, he did not forget that he was carrying a considerable amount of money with him. A covered auto was standing in front of the bank, the chauffeur of which was sitting in his place with his hands resting on the wheel. As Ed passed around behind it to gain the sidewalk, he received a stunning blow from a fist in the face. He staggered and would have fallen but that a man sprang and caught him in his arms. In another moment he was bundled into the car, which started toward the East River at once.

After crossing Pearl street the way was comparatively clear, and the car went fast. Two men held Ed back upon the rear seat, one of them pressing a drugged handkerchief over his face. The boy put up the best struggle to free himself that he could, but he had no chance against the fellows who pinned him down, and in a minute or two he lost consciousness. The bag containing the gold was taken from his inert figure.

Two hours later Ed recovered consciousness, to find himself tied to a post in a strange and gloomy place. He soon made out that it was a cellar he was prisoner in. He remembered all that had happened to him up to the moment he yielded to the influence of the drug. He saw that the bag containing the \$10,000 in gold had been taken from him, and he wondered that such a bold robbery could have been executed in one of the busiest sections of Wall Street, at the busiest hour of the day, with private detectives constantly on the watch. That the trick had been successfully carried out was quite evident, otherwise he wouldn't be in his present predicament.

He listened for sounds, but heard none—a sign that he was not in the midst of a business district. He wondered where he had been carried to. There were a couple of windows in the cellar, through which a dim light filtered through the unwashed panes, and this told him that night had not yet fallen. At that moment he heard the sounds of footsteps on a stairway. More than one person was coming down. A door opened a few yards away and two men entered the cellar. As they came toward him he felt that he was the object of their visit. Judging that it would be useless to question them, Ed decided to pretend to be still under the effects of the drug. He closed his eyes and remained motionless. He heard the crack of a match, and was conscious of the flashing of a light. The light was brought close to his face.

"He hasn't come to his senses yet," said one of the men.

"I hardly expected he would yet. It will be dark in the course of an hour, and if he hasn't recovered by that time we'll give him a few more sniffs of the drug to make sure that he'll be good for the best part of the night, and then we'll make a start."

The men turned and walked away. Ed opened his eyes and watched them go. They shut the cellar door after them and their footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. A door shut and silence followed.

"I wonder if I can free myself from this post?" thought the Wall Street boy.

He experimented, and, after some effort, got one hand loose. The other followed, and in a few moments he was free. He did not remain many minutes in the cellar after that. He removed his shoes before walking up the stairs, and opening the door, found himself in a short entry connecting with a kitchen. It was apparent to him that he was in a private house. Hearing no sounds in the kitchen, he entered that room and found it fully furnished for housekeeping purposes.

A bolted door led into the back yard. Ed could easily have made his exit that way, but his thoughts were centered on making an effort to recover the stolen gold. To go back to the bank and report the loss of the money was not a cheerful reflection. Doubtless it was known at the bank that he had been attacked on the street and carried off in an auto. If the fact wasn't known, his failure to return from the Sub-Treasury with the money must have caused a great deal of conjecture as to what had happened to him. Of course, he wouldn't be suspected of making off with it himself.

As the case stood he regarded it as his plain duty to recover the money at all hazards. He was responsible for its safe delivery in the bank. He passed softly from one room to another, and finally into the entry that led to the area door. This door was locked and bolted. Thinking it well to provide for himself an avenue for retreat, in case of an emergency, he turned the key and shot the bolt. Opening it, he looked out. He found, as he expected, a sort of grilled iron gate outside. The heavy key stood in the lock and he turned it, leaving the way to the street open to him. Then he turned around to ascend the stairs, when he heard the door at the head of the flight open, and the voices of the same men who had visited him in the cellar floated down to him.

CHAPTER VII.—Ed Turns the Tables on the Crooks.

Ed realized that his presence in the entry of the basement would be detected unless he could execute a rapid retreat without observation. He had left the door of the dining room open, and into this room he glided and closed the door almost before he was missed. It was now dark outside and would soon be quite dark. Fearing the men were coming into that room, Ed crawled under the table. He heard them pass by the door.

"I believe they're bound for the cellar," he said to himself. "They'll discover my escape, and then any chance I might have had to recover the gold will be lost. What am I to do? I can make my escape without the money, but it goes against my grain to do that. I couldn't face the president of the bank."

Then a brilliant idea hit the Wall Street boy. If the two rascals were going into the cellar, why could he not lock them in down there, then he would have a clear chance to look for the gold?

His heart gave a jump at the idea. There was no time to be lost if he was going to turn the tables on them. He got from under the table, placed his shoes near the door, and hastened, like a shadow, after the men. He heard their steps on the stairs of the cellar. Darting into the kitchen, he saw by the dim light that came through the window that they had left the door ajar. He closed it and turned the key.

"Now I have you both caged!" he said triumphantly.

Fearing they would be able to break the door open, he softly pushed the table against it and braced it with a chair. By that time they had discovered his escape. Indeed, at the very moment he heard them rushing up the stairs to investigate. When they found the cellar door shut and fastened against them, great was their consternation and anger. One of them kicked at it violently, but the door held. Ed did not consider it advisable to remain in the kitchen any longer. He rushed through the entry, put on his shoes and ran upstairs, forgetting that there might be another man or two in the house. He entered the front parlor and looked around. He could see little on account of the gathering darkness, so he struck a match.

The room was completely furnished in good style, but there was nothing to detain him there. Into the back parlor he went, and on the marble-top table he noticed a large suitcase. The key stood in the lock and he opened it and dumped out the contents. He found that it contained a lot of small and valuable ornaments. Apparently, from the way they had been thrown into the case it was plunder the men had picked up. As there was no sign of the gold, Ed left everything on the table and retreating from the room, ran up to the second floor.

Here he found the rooms in a rummaged condition—drawers pulled out and their contents scattered on the floor; closets open and denuded of what had been in them, much of it thrown around the rooms. In fact, the floor looked as if it had been looted by thieves. Three hand bags, locked, lay on one of the beds. Ed picked one up and found it quite heavy. The others were of similar weight.

"The gold is in these three bags, divided up," thought Ed. "I heard one of the men say so in the cellar. One of the bags is intended for the chap who runs the car. He's in with them, of course."

Ed grabbed the three hand bags and ran downstairs. He could hear the two imprisoned rascals making a great racket at the cellar door, which they were trying to burst open. There was a heavy brass bolt on the front door, but it was

not shot. The door was only locked, and Ed speedily opened it. The outer door of the narrow vestibule was also locked, and it had a brass bolt on it, too, which was not shot. Ed judged that the men had originally effected their entrance through the back of the house, and had then opened the front doors. Probably they did that some time during the preceding night.

What induced them to visit Wall Street and pull off the robbery was something he had not time to figure upon. They had certainly not gone there with that particular object in view, since Ed's errand to the Sub-Treasury was not a daily happening. In fact, it was an unexpected incident in his day's work.

Ed left the house without locking the front doors. From the appearance of the residential street he was in he had an idea that he was over somewhere in Brooklyn, which was the fact. He took down the number of the house, and at the corner the name of the street from the gas lamp. After walking four blocks he came to a drug store. He entered the place and said he wanted to use the public telephone. He looked up the number of police headquarters in the directory and got in communication with the authorities. He explained in a few words how he had been robbed in Wall Street of \$10,000 in gold, and how he had been carried over to Brooklyn in a drugged state and confined in the cellar of No. — Blank street.

He told how he made his escape, locked the two crooks in the cellar, where he believed they still were, and recovered the money stolen from him.

"Where are you telephoning from?" asked the officer at the wire.

Ed told him.

"Wait there and a wagon with three detectives will call there after you."

As it was half-past six, Ed was in a sweat to get back to New York and thence home. He intended to go to the bank and leave the three satchels with the watchman, which would get them off his hands. However, he had to obey the orders of the police, so he waited, and inside of twenty minutes a patrol wagon drove up, with four officers in it. It stopped at the drug store and Ed went outside to meet the outfit.

"You are the bank clerk of Wall Street who was robbed?" said the man in command, springing down.

"I am," replied the boy.

"Get into the wagon and I'll talk to you as we go along. Drive on," he added to the man in charge of the team.

It didn't take the wagon long to cover the four blocks between the drug store and the house where the two crooks were still supposed to be, and during the short ride Ed gave the officer all the facts of the case that he was not familiar with. The arrival of the patrol wagon naturally attracted attention in the neighborhood. The police, accompanied by Ed, entered the residence and went directly to the cellar door. One glance showed that the rascals had made their escape, and clearly by the help of their pal, for the door was not much broken, and the chair and table were moved back out of the way. A positive proof was that the door had been unlocked.

"You're not likely to find them in the house now," said the Wall Street boy. "They've made their escape in the auto and have possibly carried off some of the plunder they had packed up."

While two of the cops went upstairs to see if the rascals had really gotten away, Ed and the head detective entered the parlor to look around. The suitcase was missing from the back parlor, and as there was no sign of the ornaments and other things Ed had turned out on the table, it was evident that the rascals had tumbled the stuff back into the case and taken it away with them. The goods they had packed upstairs was also gone. They had made a pretty clean sweep of everything portable that was valuable, and the police were disgusted because they had arrived too late.

Leaving an officer in charge of the house, the party hurried back to police headquarters at breakneck speed, and there Ed was detained some time while they asked him questions and communicated with the Manhattan headquarters. Finally he was allowed to go, but the police insisted on retaining the three hand-bags containing the gold. Under such circumstances the boy was relieved from the necessity of going to the bank, but when he reached New York he went to a public telephone and looked up the telephone number of the president of the bank. That gentleman was not at home, but his wife took Ed's message.

The boy told her all the particulars about how he had been robbed and carried over to Brooklyn, and how he had made his escape, recovered the gold, which was now in the possession of the Brooklyn police. The lady replied that her husband had told her something about the appearance of Ed with the money, and that it was known he had been attacked in front of the bank and carried away in an automobile. She also said the late afternoon papers had the story. On his way to the ferry Ed bought a paper and found the account on the first page, with big headlines under the general caption: "Daring Daylight Robbery in Wall Street."

Then followed such facts as the newspapers were able to get, which were not many, but the writer made the most of his material. It was near ten when Ed got home and found his mother wondering what had detained him. His supper was in the oven, and while he ate it he told her about his adventure and how much better he had come out of it than he had expected when he came to his senses in the cellar and found himself a prisoner and minus the gold.

"My gracious, Ed, you seem to be having a good many adventures of late," said his mother, with a serious face.

"Well, there's nothing like making a stir in the world," laughed her son.

By the time they finished talking it was late, so they went to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Tip That Won Ed Big Money.

The morning papers had the story of the robbery in full, with the account of how Ed made his escape and recovered the bank's money. Nat-

urally, everybody connected with Wall Street read about it that morning, and Ed Reynolds was generally voted to be a smart boy. When he reached the office he held a levee, surrounded by his fellow clerks. When the cashier arrived Ed was called to his desk and asked to tell his story.

The cashier congratulated him on his cleverness. When the president came, he had Ed in his private room, and the boy went over his story again. Consultations were had over the telephone with the police. A couple of detectives came to the bank and saw both Ed and the president. Newspaper reporters called to interview Ed for additional facts, and when he went to lunch he was corraled by several of his old messenger friends, and told what a smart fellow he was. Broker Leslie called Ed on the telephone and, after asking him a few questions about the case, congratulated him on his smart work. Altogether, it was a great day for the young bank clerk.

The afternoon papers had more on the subject and they announced that while the police were busy the three crooks had not been caught. The next morning's papers announced that the auto had been found at an uptown garage that rented cars. The manager said that the car had been hired by a prosperous-looking man, who had given his name as Thomas West, and his residence as the Astor Hotel. The car was returned at 11 p. m. by another man, who said he had been paid to take it to the garage. The manager furnished the police with a description of both men. That was all of the new developments. Several days passed and the bold robbery was forgotten by the general public.

The police made no further headway than they had done to capture Joe Sampson, the New Jersey roadhouse keeper and ex-crook, and his wife. The \$10,000 reward still stood, but seemed in no immediate danger of being earned by anybody. Ed paid Mr. Leslie a visit at his office to see if anything new had turned up, and found that matters were the same as ever. While there, he told the broker about his purchase of the Midas mining stock.

"What good is it?" asked Mr. Leslie.

"No good that I know of."

"What did you buy it for, then?"

"Oh, just to help the man out for one thing, and on the chance that some day it might come to life again."

"So you invested \$250 in 100,000 shares of a dead mine that isn't worth the paper they are printed on?" said the broker, with a quizzical smile.

"Yes. That gives me a third interest in the company."

"A company that is out of business."

"I hold the books and other documents, and some day I might take a notion to start it up again, having myself elected president and start work again on the property."

"Which would probably be throwing good money after bad."

"Well, the old prospector believes there is good ore in the ground. The question is to locate it. The ledge he found petered out, but he thinks it might be found somewhere else on the ground."

"There is very small possibility of it. If it

existed, the backers of the company wouldn't have let the claim slide."

"Well, I don't expect the ground will run away and as I hold the deed I doubt if any one can steal it without my knowledge."

"Don't worry. Nobody will try to steal a bankrupt mine," laughed the broker.

On his way out Ed dropped in to see a stenographer, who formerly worked for the broker with whom he began his Wall Street career.

"Why, Ed, I'm awfully glad to see you," said Miss Carter, shaking hands with him.

"I'm glad to see you, too, Miss Carter," he said.

"I see you've been distinguishing yourself lately. Your name has been in the papers several times. You are certainly getting up in the world."

"That's what a fellow wants to do. It makes him feel important, you know."

"I suppose now that you're a clerk in a bank, you've given up speculating in stocks?"

"Between you and I—don't let it get any further—I do a little on the quiet still. The other day I made \$10,000 out of the rise in J. & D."

"Ten thousand! My gracious, you must have money."

"I've got a few thousands."

"As we are old friends, I'll give you a tip that's a sure winner."

"What's your tip?"

"A syndicate has just been formed to corner M. & N."

"You know that as a fact, do you?"

"Yes. My employer has just started in to do the buying."

"How did you get hold of this tip?"

"I'd rather not say, but if you use it I'll guarantee you'll make money out of it. M. & N. is selling now for 80. The syndicate has lots of money and expects to boost it up to par. I would not advise you to hold on for more than a fifteen-point rise. A profit of \$15 a share ought to satisfy you."

"It ought to satisfy anybody. I think I'll take a chance on it. If things pan out according to your views, I'll give you five per cent. of my winnings."

"Will you? How good of you! I feel the money in my pocket already."

"You must have a very delicate sense of touch, then."

"I have in this instance. I know just how the stock will go."

"You mean you think you know."

"I wish I had \$1,000 to invest in it."

"Then you could secure 100 shares on margin. Now I will do better than that. I'll buy 1,000 shares, for I'll still have money enough to protect myself to a certain extent, and if I win \$10,000 or \$15,000, you will get from \$500 to \$750 as your share of the tip."

"If you can buy 1,000 shares on margin, you may count on making \$15,000, if you sell out around 95."

Ed soon after took his leave and went back to the bank. He had been out an hour longer than his lunch time, but nobody said anything to him about it, for he was in high favor at the bank. Next day he went to the little bank and gave in his order for 1,000 shares of M. & N.

at 80, putting up \$10,000 of his capital. It was several days before the stock began to move upward, and then it advanced a point. Two days later it was two points higher. Then it fluctuated day by day, but always closing a little higher. In this way it worked up to 88. That was ten days after he got the tip. At the beginning of the succeeding week it jumped to 95 and Ed sold out. Ultimately it went to 101, but the boy was well satisfied with a profit of \$15,000 and he handed Miss Carter her five per cent., which netted her \$750 and was a welcome addition to her funds. It was about this time that Ed was sent to Philadelphia one morning on an important errand for his bank. He carried with him a satchel containing bonds of a prosperous industrial company valued at \$40,000.

He started on the eleven o'clock train, which was due to reach Philadelphia at one. As it was not necessary for him to rush back by the first train he could catch, Ed said he would remain all afternoon in the Quaker city and return by the seven o'clock train. The president said that was all right, as he did not have to report until the next morning. Soon after the train started a white-haired old man, with a long white beard sat down in the seat beside him and engaged him in conversation. He was a very entertaining old gentleman and Ed liked to listen to him very much indeed. The old man had a satchel that looked something like Ed's, and he carried it on his lap, just as Ed did his. Finally he placed it on the floor at his feet.

"I should think you'd get tired holding that valise," he remarked. "Why don't you put it on the floor?"

"It isn't heavy," answered Ed, who wasn't taking any chances with his satchel.

The old gentleman made no further reference to it, but resumed his talk about all the wonderful places he had visited during his long life. When the locomotive whistled on approaching Trenton, the old man picked up his bag and said he was going to get off there. The train slackened its speed. Suddenly the old gentleman got up and said good-by. Then he threw some cinnamon dust in the boy's face, dropped his own grip and made a snatch at Ed's. It happened that just as the man threw the cinnamon Ed turned his face to the window and the dust struck his cheek instead of going into his eyes, as the old rascal intended. The boy felt the tug on his valise at the moment the dust hit him, and he turned, quick as a flash, and seized the old fellow's hand.

"What are you doing?" he demanded, in surprise, a suspicion of the white-haired stranger rising to his mind.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the old man. "I thought I had hold of my own valise."

Ed didn't believe him. He also suspected that his companion was disguised, and not so old as he looked. At the risk of trouble, he determined to test the matter. As the old man turned to leave the seat he grabbed the end of the white beard, which was long and flowing, and gave it a sharp tug. The beard came away from the man's face and in a moment Ed recognized him as one of the men connected with the robbery of the gold in front of his bank. Quick as a flash

he dropped his bag on the seat and seized the man by the arm. With an imprecation, the crook struck him in the face. Ed took the clout like a fighter and punched the man in the stomach, doubling him up. Then he jumped upon him and forced him down on the seat. A struggle that attracted general attention in the car ensued between them.

CHAPTER IX.—Ed Hears from Dixon and the Midas Mine.

The man put up a desperate fight to down the boy, for a prison stared him in the face if his young antagonist got the better of it. Of course the scrap created great excitement in the car, particularly among the ladies. A couple of gentlemen started to interfere, when the crook, finding he was unable to free himself from Ed's grasp, drew his revolver. One of the ladies close by saw the revolver and uttered a scream. Ed saw it, too, and he seized the fellow by the wrist, calling on the near-by male passengers to get it away from him before he did any damage. If Ed had not been a strong boy he would have been overcome by the ruffian. As it was, he had all he could do to hold his own.

At this point the train started on its way again, and one of the brakemen discovered what was going on in the car and came in. The ladies appealed to him to stop the trouble, but by the time he had reached the scene of the trouble two passengers had interfered, one of them getting the revolver out of the crook's hand.

"This fellow is a crook that's wanted in New York," said Ed. "Get a piece of rope so that his arms can be tied."

The crook protested that the boy was mistaken and that he was a respectable person.

"I was about to leave the car when he attacked me," he said.

"That won't do," returned Ed. "I am a clerk connected with the Lawrence bank in Wall Street, and this man I recognize as one of the three who attacked me in front of the bank and took a pouch containing \$10,000 in gold away from me."

"You're wrong, young man. I may look something like the person you refer to, but I'm not the party," insisted the chap.

"I say you are. If you think you can pull the wool over my eyes, you'll find out your mistake. What were you disguised for? Look at that white beard," Ed said to the brakeman. "I pulled it off his face. That white hair on his head is a wig. Pull it off and you'll see."

The brakeman lifted the beard and disclosed the man's real hair underneath, which was a dark brown. At that moment the conductor appeared, brought by two of the passengers who had gone forward after him.

"What's the trouble here?" he asked.

Ed explained the situation, telling who he was. The conductor had read about the robbery of the gold in Wall Street, and the fact that this man was disguised, or had been before Ed showed him up, led him to put faith in the lad's story.

"This is an outrage, and I'll sue the railroad company," said the crook hotly. "I intended to get off at Trenton."

"You'll go on to Philadelphia now," said Ed, "and face a magistrate. I'll see that you don't slip out of my hands."

"I'll pay you up for this, you young monkey!" hissed the crook.

"All right, maybe you will, but I think you'll get what's coming to you in the meanwhile."

Ed insisted that the rascal be tied to prevent him from making more trouble, and the brakeman was sent to the baggage car to get some hay rope. The crook swore he would get satisfaction, both out of the boy and the railroad company, but his threats produced no effect. As the boy bore a letter to a big Philadelphia bank where he was going, he easily satisfied everybody that he was doing things on the square. The crook was tied to the arm of the seat, and Ed watched him with his own revolver, which the passenger handed over to him. When the train reached the Quaker City a policeman was summoned, to whom the boy told his story. The crook was taken to the nearest police station and Ed went along and made the charge against him.

The man in charge communicated with headquarters, explaining that the prisoner was wanted by the New York authorities, and had been positively identified by the young bank clerk who had been instrumental in securing his arrest. He was ordered sent to the chief station house, and the officer received directions to fetch Ed along.

"I'm perfectly willing to go," said the boy, "but I must have the chance to go to the National Bank first, as I am carrying a big bunch of securities to that establishment. You can detail an officer to accompany me and take me to headquarters afterward."

His request was agreed to and he left with a policeman in plain clothes. It was two o'clock by the time Ed delivered his package of securities, and got a check in payment. By that time he was quite hungry, and he asked his conductor if he had any objection to stopping at a restaurant.

"Not at all. You are entitled to your dinner," replied the man.

"I usually eat about half-past twelve, and it's considerably beyond that now and I feel kind of hungry," said Ed.

They stopped at a first-class restaurant and Ed ordered his dinner.

"This is the first time I ever was in Philadelphia," he said. "While I'm glad to catch that crook, it will interfere with the few hours' time I expected to put in here seeing a little of the town."

"You may not be detained long at headquarters. It is necessary to make sure that there has been no mistake made about the arrest."

"There's no mistake about it. I'm willing to swear to the man's identity."

"That is probably all that will be required of you," said the officer.

Ed was not held long at police headquarters, and then he spent the rest of the afternoon looking around the business part of the city. He got his supper at a restaurant and took the seven o'clock train for Jersey City, reaching home about ten o'clock. His mother had not been worried about him, for he had sent her a message acquainting her with the fact that he was going

to Philadelphia that day. The New York morning papers had the story of the capture of one of the Wall Street gold robbers on the express to Philadelphia. Some sarcastic allusions were made about the police who had failed to get any of the men until the young bank clerk, who had been the victim of the job, took a hand and nabbed one of the crooks as described.

Ed found himself again in the limelight, and a number of Wall Street men remarked that he had acquitted himself so well in the case that he ought to be given the job of running down the other two crooks, for the chances were he'd find them before the police did. The boy took all commendations modestly, and said that really it had been more a matter of luck than anything else which had enabled him to capture the robber. The New York authorities sent a man to bring the crook on, but the rascal stood on his rights and said he would have to be extradited, which of course meant delay and trouble for the New York police. A fresh effort was made to locate his two pals, but without any success. One of the clerks above him dropping out of the bank, Ed was promoted and his wages boosted a little.

He dropped into the duties of his new position just as if he had always been attending to them, and he became more solid than ever in the bank. About this time he received a letter from Jim Dixon, the man he had treated to a meal, and from whom he had bought the large interest in the dead Midas mine. Dixon was back in the mining regions, and he wrote that he had been looking over the Midas property.

"Not having anything to do, I've been poking around in the main tunnel and the two off-shoots as far as they go," he wrote. "I can't say that I've found any encouragement, but I still believe the lode that petered out on us where I found it will turn up somewhere in the ground one of these days if some progressive person comes along who is willing to sink some money looking for it. I am sorry I sold out my interests in the property to you, though I never would have got out of New York if I hadn't, so if you hadn't bought me out, I wouldn't have gained anything by holding on to the stock."

"I don't know whether you have any money to speculate with, but if you have I'll do the square thing by you in the mine if you will send me some to pay for time I put in searching for the lost lode. You have seen me and know whether you can trust me. If I should find the lode again it will bring you back many times what you invest. In that case, I hope you will give me an interest in the mine, for there is nothing else for me to look forward to. Let me know by return mail if you can and will do anything. Fifty dollars a month will pay my way, and you can consider that I'm working for you. If I make a strike I'll let you know, and then show you how you can get hold of enough of the stock lying around here to give you full control of the mine. The company could then be revived, and you could have yourself elected president, with me as your manager, to see that things always came your way. Address me care of the Miners' Roost, Goldfield, Nevada."

"Very truly yours,

"JIM DIXON."

Believing that Dixon was honest and square and would do all he said, Ed gave the subject his favorable consideration. He wrote to the prospector and, inclosing a draft for \$50, told him he would duplicate it every month till further notice, if Dixon would go ahead.

"If you make a strike," he said, "I'll see that you get a good interest in the mine. It will pay me to treat you right. In any case, it would be a shame you should be out of all your interest in it if it should turn up a winner. As I am trusting you, I hope you will trust me. We'll pull together and, I hope, win out."

Ed sent the letter off, with some hopes of future success.

"It would be a great thing for me if Dixon found out the continuation of the lost lode and I'd make it a good thing for him, too. I believe he will do the right thing by me. I am willing to spend a few hundred dollars even on a wild-goose chase. It looks to me like a gambler's chance. At any rate, I'm worth over \$30,000 and can afford to take a reasonable risk. If I fail I won't be the only one who has sunk good money in a mining claim," said Ed, dismissing the subject for the present.

CHAPTER X.—Ed Gets Into the Limelight | Again.

The gold robber was finally legally brought to New York and locked up in the Tombs. About that time Ed made a deal in D. & G., which he noticed was going up. He bought 1,000 shares on margin, at 105. He had no tip to depend on this time, but simply acted on his judgment. A day or two afterward he was in the president's room when a broker friend of that gentleman came in and began talking about the market. He said that, in his opinion, the best thing in sight just then was D. & G.

"That stock is going to advance ten or twelve points, as sure as you are sitting in that chair, Mr. Barnes. You couldn't do better than buy some of it on your individual account, hold on to it till it gets up to 115 or 116, and then sell," said the broker.

"I suppose you have got in on it yourself?" said the president.

"Well, you don't suppose I would hand you out this advice if I wasn't. I've bought 5,000 shares, and that's something of a load for me to carry. I have perfect confidence in the result, however, so I'm not worrying about the heavy interest I'm paying to carry it."

Ed was so impressed by the broker's confidence in D. & G. that next day he bought another 1,000 shares at the same price. This was a big venture on his part. He had \$20,000 at stake, and if anything went wrong, he stood to lose some, if not a large part of it. About twice a week Ed attended a gymnasium in Jersey City City. The exercise he got there, under the eye of a practical instructor, was responsible for a good deal of his strength, for his muscles were developed on a scientific basis. He also took boxing lessons and had become very clever with the gloves.

On the evening of the day on which he bought his second thousand shares of D. & G., he started for the gymnasium on a trolley car. Getting off at a certain corner, he walked several blocks to the gymnasium, where he put in the time up to eleven o'clock. On his return to connect with the trolley he had a companion for two blocks, then he went on the rest of the way alone. The street he followed was lined with private houses, and at that hour was silent and deserted of pedestrians. A light here and there in a window showed that some of the occupants had not yet retired. Around the corner ahead of him came a man bound home.

At that moment one of Ed's shoe laces became loose and he stopped to retie it, placing his foot on one of the steps leading to a stoop. He could hear the footsteps of the man who was approaching. Suddenly he heard a startled cry. The footsteps had ceased. Looking in that direction, he saw that the stranger had been attacked by two footpads, who had knocked him down and were holding him prostrate while they went through his clothes. Ed wasn't the kind of boy to leave the man to be robbed without going to his assistance. He rushed down on the rascally pair so quickly that they were taken by surprise. Then one of them, drawing a slungshot, went for the plucky boy.

Ed cared nothing for a slungshot, for he could dodge and sidestep with the agility of an expert pugilist in the ring. The fellow struck viciously at him and missed him altogether. Ed shot out his fist and caught the ruffian in the jaw with the same force he was accustomed to apply to the punching bag in the gymnasium. The rascal might as well have received a kick from a colt. His head went back with a jerk, his teeth rattled, he threw up his hands, clutching at air, and down he went in a heap. The slungshot was attached to his hand with a loop, or he would have dropped it when he fell. Before he could recover, Ed jumped on him and pulled the weapon out of his hand.

"Lie quiet or I'll break your head!" the boy threatened.

Then Ed went for the other chap, who took to his heels with a part of the plunder he had secured. The Wall Street lad was after him like a shot. After a zigzag chase he knocked the fellow down with a blow from his fist. The other fellow took advantage of the opportunity and attacked the gentleman again. The man, however, was now able to defend himself, for he had been taken off his guard at first by the pair, and he proved no easy mark. After an exchange of blows he grabbed the ruffian, tripped him up and then held him down by his weight.

Ed, in the meanwhile, pounded the second footpad until he threw up the sponge.

"Let me go and I'll give up all I took from the man," he said.

"Not much," said the boy, who thought his voice sounded familiar.

He dragged the rascal under a gas lamp and got a good look at him. He looked enough like the second gold robber that Ed was confident he was the man, and he determined to have the fellow locked up. Threatening him with the slungshot, he dragged the man back along the

sidewalk to where the gentleman was holding the other chap in subjection.

"We've got them both," said the boy, "and the next thing is to get them to a police station."

"You're a plucky young fellow, and I'm much obliged to you for saving me from these scoundrels. What's your name?"

"Edward Reynolds."

"My name is Stanley Brown, and I'm a mining broker."

"Of Jersey City?"

"Yes."

"I'm connected with the Lawrence Bank of Wall Street."

"Indeed! You're a muscular young bank clerk. Glad to know you. Now, as to getting these men into the hands of the police, we ought to have help."

"I don't see any help around, so we must manage them somehow. Can you tie that chap's hands with your handkerchief?"

"I'm not sure that I can. He's pretty husky, and is putting up a good fight."

"I'll give him a tap with this weapon on the head and that will keep him quiet, I guess. You lie quiet," he added to his prisoner, "or I'll give it to you!"

He got out his handkerchief and ordered the fellow to roll over on his face.

"If you don't, I'll make you," he said, flourishing the slungshot.

The rascal gave in and Ed soon bound his hands behind him. Then he helped the gentleman tie the other ruffian. The footpads were made to get on their feet and were then marched to the corner and down three blocks to a drug store, which was still open. Here Ed communicated with the police over the telephone. In a short time several policemen appeared and took charge of them.

Ed and Broker Brown went along to make the charge. After the men had been locked up, Ed communicated the additional information that he believed both of them were the two uncaught gold robbers of Wall Street. At any rate, he said, he was confident that one of them was. He requested that the New York police be notified of their arrest.

Ed and the gentleman then left the police station, and parted at the next corner when Ed's car came along. Mr. Brown handed him his business card and asked him to call at his office at the first chance he had, and the boy promised he would. Of course, the capture of two crooks supposed to be the pair of missing gold robbers could not escape the New York papers. Once more the young bank clerk's name was in the limelight as the cause of their arrest.

The facts of the story as related at the station house by Ed and Broker Brown appeared in full in the Jersey City papers, and the main features were sent to the New York dailies, so that when Ed reached the bank he was again the center of an admiring bunch of fellow clerks. He told the cashier that it would be necessary for him to go to Jersey City that forenoon to appear against the men.

"You really think they are the other two men who robbed you of the gold and carried you over to Brooklyn in the car?" said the cashier.

"Yes. I think we've got the bunch now, but as I didn't really see the third chap at the time of the robbery, it will be impossible for me to connect both of the rascals pulled in last night with the gold robbery," said Ed.

"Well, the two principals will do to make an example of."

Ed met Broker Brown in the Jersey City police court and shook hands with him. Their testimony insured the holding of the crooks. Two detectives were over from New York to see about getting the prisoner that Ed asserted was one of the gold robbers. The fellow in question denied his connection with the affair, and his pal backed him up. The crooks were locked up again, and the New York detectives went away to try and get some more evidence against them, or at least against one Ed pointed out.

Clever detective work in the end implicated the three in the gold robbery, and they were tried in New York for that crime, convicted, and sent away for a term of years up the river. The bank recognized the young clerk's services in connection with the case to the extent of \$1,000 and a vote of thanks. But all that happened later. A few days after the foregoing incident D. & G. began to rise slowly. In ten days it fulfilled the promise of the broker who advised the bank president to buy it, and went to 117.

Ed, however, sold out when it reached 115, and he cleared a profit of \$10 a share, or \$20,000 altogether. This coup raised his capital to \$50,000, and not a soul in the bank suspected he was worth even five thousand cents.

"I'm doing mighty well, I think," he said to his mother. "It isn't every young fellow who can make so much money as I have in so short a time. Now if the Midas Mine should come to life and I could discover the whereabouts of that roadhouse man and his wife, and win that \$10,000 reward, I think I would be perfectly happy."

CHAPTER XI.—On the Road West.

Summer was in full swing, and Ed was looking forward to a two weeks' vacation, when he received a registered letter from Goldfield. It was from Jim Dixon, and ran as follows:

"Chuck up your job in the bank and come West at once. I've found the lode. Fetch all the money you can scrape together so as to be able to buy up the stock that's knocking around here and which you can get hold of for a song. I know where I can buy two batches of 25,000 shares for \$50 apiece. I'm going to gather them in for myself. You will be able to find another 50,000, and probably more. We must get as much as we can find of it before we start the company up again and give out the news of the find. We can then vote a new issue to be sold on the strength of the news, and that will fetch us the money to work with. Answer at once.

"Yours, JIM DIXON."

Ed felt like shouting on reading this letter. The Midas Mine was about to come to life, after all. He didn't intend to throw up his position,

but would ask for a month's vacation instead of two weeks, on the ground that he had business of importance to look after in the West. Without loss of time he interviewed the president of the bank and got a four weeks' leave of absence. When he got home that evening he told his mother the good news and showed her Dixon's letter.

"I'm going West right away, mother," he said. "If things pan out as well as they promise I'll become a young mine owner, in which case I shall resign from the Lawrence Bank and take you out to Goldfield to live."

"I've lived so long in Jersey City that I'm afraid I'll never get accustomed to another place, but of course I couldn't get along even in Jersey City without you. You're the only one, except my sister, I have left Ed, so I must go where you go," said his mother.

"You can get along without me for a month, at any rate. By the end of that time I'll know just what my plans for the future will be."

"You're a very fortunate boy. It's a wonder you did not win that \$10,000 reward."

"I might win it yet."

"I wouldn't be surprised if you did, though I hardly think you will. Three months have passed, or more, since that night's adventure when you saw the gentleman robbed, and as nothing has ever been heard of the man and his wife, I think it is likely that they left the country with their ill-gotten gains."

"No; it's my idea that they made their way out West in the car and are keeping under cover. As the bonds were never offered for sale, you may take it from me that the rascal was smart enough to realize that money could not be raised on them without inviting discovery and capture. He and his wife are living on the \$8,000, with the diamond pin to fall back on later."

It didn't take long for Ed to make his preparations for his trip West, and two days later he was ready to go. But he couldn't go without saying good-by to his aunt, whom he had not visited since the night of his adventure on the old road. He took an early morning train and went down to Cloverdale where he hired a rig to drive over to his aunt's home. He was received as usual with open arms, and spent the rest of the day with her. She was surprised to learn that he was going West, and still more astonished when he related to her how he had come into possession of a large interest in the Midas Mine, and how he had just received word that the mine was likely to prove a winner after having been relegated to the scrap-heap, as it were.

"My, you may become a rich boy!" she said, looking at him admiringly.

"Why not? We're all after the dollars, you know."

"Don't forget me, Ed, when you get lots of money."

"I wouldn't forget you for the world."

"You're going to start to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"Dear me, I don't see how your mother can let you go."

"As it is necessary for me to go, she is not going to hold me back. I don't expect to be away more than a month. She can stand my ab-

sence that long. That's only twice as long as I expected to be away on my regular vacation."

On the following day at seven o'clock Ed took an express over the Pennsylvania for the West. He went by the way of the Middle West after leaving Pittsburgh, taking in Cincinnati, St. Louis and thence on to Denver. Here he made his first stop, for he expected to find a letter from Jim Dixon awaiting him at the general post office. The letter was there, and it contained explicit directions showing Ed how to reach Goldfield, which was in the western part of Nevada by the best route. Such directions would hardly be necessary to-day, but at the time of which we write Goldfield was not directly connected by railroad, though the rail route had been surveyed and work had begun on it.

Visitors to the big mining district made the trip across the desert in wagons and high-power automobiles. Ed put up at the Savoy Hotel, which was on the European plan, getting his meals at the restaurant. Denver contained many things of interest to the Wall Street boy, of which the mint was one. The city is beautifully situated on the South Platte river, fifteen miles from the base of the Rocky Mountains, and something over 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. It commands a magnificent view of mountain scenery, something new to the young New Yorker. Many of the noted peaks in sight are perpetually covered with snow. As Ed only intended to remain one day in Denver he had little time to admire the scenic beauties of the Queen City of the Plains.

He hired a horse and rode out to the suburbs along a fine road that was a pleasure to travel on. It was well along in the afternoon when the boy stopped at a finely appointed roadside house to get a drink of water. Entering the place, he found the proprietor, assisted by a young man, waiting on a bunch of customers. The moment Ed's eyes lighted on him he gave a gasp. It was Joe Sampson, the man who, with his wife, robbed Broker George Leslie at the dilapidated roadhouse on the old New Jersey road.

Although prosperous looking and greatly changed for the better, the boy could not be mistaken in his identity. He had spotted the rascal at last. The \$10,000 reward offered for the fellow's capture and the recovery of the stolen property danced before Ed's eyes at that moment. Although he was now worth \$5,000 and had a large interest in a promising silver mine, the Wall Street boy was none the less eager to add the reward to his financial pile. Such a sum as \$10,000 was not to be sneezed at. Besides, there was the honor of doing again what the police had failed to do. He forgot about the water he had entered the place to get and just stood and stared at Sampson. The customers thinning out at that moment, the clerk became aware of the interest he appeared to have excited in the boy and gazed sharply at him.

"Well, what do you want?" he said gruffly.

"I came in for a drink," said Ed, feeling the necessity of explaining the cause of his presence.

"Oh, you did! What are you staring at me for?"

"I was wondering where I had seen you before."

"Where are you from?"

"The East. I'm going to Nevada."

Sampson regarded him with suspicion.

"What part of the East?" he asked.

"Jersey City."

"What's your name?"

"Edward."

"Edward what?"

"Smith," said the boy who knowing how his name had figured in the newspapers in connection with the case did not care to mention it lest the rascal would recall it and thus be put on his guard.

"Whereabouts in Nevada are you bound for?"

"Goldfield."

"Going to make your fortune?" he asked, with a sneer.

"Yes, I hope so," said Ed quite frankly.

"Humph! What do you want to drink—whisky?"

"No; water."

"Water!"

The rascal looked at him.

"Is that all you came for?"

"Yes. You will oblige me, won't you?"

Sampson filled a glass and pushed it toward him. The rascal eyed him a bit unsteadily. Ed's picture had been printed in one of the papers at the time of the roadhouse robbery and Sampson had seen it. The scoundrel and his wife had also read the boy's statement as an unsuspected eye-witness of their crime, and their feelings toward him at the time may better be imagined than described. The fact that the boy was a witness against them had caused an alteration in their plans. Indeed, it was the cause of their coming so far West. They had traveled the whole way in the stolen car, the number of which the man had changed, avoiding all cities and large towns along their route. In that way they had eluded the attention of the police in the cities who for a while were on the lookout for them.

They spent a considerable time on the road, having plenty of money, and finally fetched up at Denver, where they decided to stop. Sampson purchased the roadhouse in the suburbs, which was proving a very profitable venture, and he and his wife were now living on the fat of the land. Meg Sampson now dressed in fine clothes, employed a servant, and went out every afternoon in the stolen car, driven by a man connected with the roadhouse. No one who saw her supposed that she had once lived in the slums of New York, and that she and her prosperous husband were proscribed crooks in the East. Ed noticed how Sampson looked at him while he was drinking, and he was sorry he had been obliged to hold any conversation with him.

"Where are you stopping?" asked the rascal.

"At one of the hotels," answered Ed.

"Expect to remain here long?"

"No. I'm going to leave in the morning."

Ed walked outside and turned to look at the proprietor's name over the door. It was not Sampson, but Joseph Johnson.

"The rascal has changed his name. That won't save him. I shall notify the police as soon as I get back into the city," said the boy to himself.

At that moment an automobile, with a lady in it, rolled up to the side entrance of the house.

Mrs. Meg Sampson, or Johnson, as she was known, had returned from her afternoon airing. Although she presented a vastly different appearance to the slatternly-looking woman Ed saw in the old roadhouse, the boy recognized her as the crook's wife.

"She's putting on style, for fair," he thought. "A case of fine feathers make fine birds. She won't put on so many frills in jail. That's Mr. Leslie's car, too, I'll bet, though I can't swear to it. If it is, it shows that the two came west in it and saved railroad fare."

Mrs. Sampson looked at the boy and saw him staring at her. She had a good memory for faces, and it struck her she had seen the boy before. She had only seen his picture in the paper at the time of the crime, and she carried that impression in her mind.

"Do you know me, young man?" she asked, eyeing him curiously.

"I'm a stranger in Denver," replied Ed, evading her question.

At that juncture Sampson came to the door, but as the boy's back was to him he didn't observe his presence.

"Oh! I thought your face seemed a bit familiar to me," said Mrs. Sampson. "If you're a stranger, of course I don't know you."

Ed turned away and went to the post where he had tied his horse. Sampson stepped up to his wife.

"That chap is from the East," he said to her. "I'm suspicious of him. He stared at me hard when he came into the public room, just as if he knew me."

"He stared at me the same way. I'm sure I've seen him before somewhere," she said.

"His face is familiar to me, too. Say, Meg," he whispered suddenly, "do you think that is the boy who was outside the roadhouse window the night we made the haul off the broker?"

Quick as a wink, the woman associated the remembrance of the boy's face with the newspaper picture she had seen. In fact, she had the paper, detailing the story of the crime, in her trunk upstairs at that moment.

"It's the boy, Joe, as sure as you live! I'm sure of it. You've given me the clue that I needed to place him in my mind. It's the boy."

"And suppose he has recognized us?"

"Then there'll be trouble for us. Don't let him escape or we may have the police down on us."

"I can't detain him in broad daylight. Any move on my part would serve to confirm his suspicions."

"You are too late, for he's off on his horse."

"I can't imagine what brought him to this house."

"Perhaps detectives from the East are here looking for us and brought him along to identify us."

That seemed a reasonable conjecture to her husband and he turned cold with apprehension.

"What are we to do?"

Meg was a woman of action who always took the bull by the horns.

"Follow him in your car, and when you overtake him, knock him on the head. We can't afford to take any chances. We are doing well here. If we should be discovered and taken back

East we'll be ruined forever. Chase him and do him up, at all hazards. What's his life to our safety?"

"It's risky, Meg," hesitated the crook.

"Bah! Do you want to lose everything and go to prison for a long term?"

"Blame it, no!"

"Then do as I say. It's our only salvation."

"I will!" cried Sampson desperately.

A minute later he was speeding along the road after the young New Yorker.

CHAPTER XII.—Ed Wins the \$10,000 Reward.

Ed was trotting leisurely along the road back to the city, arranging in his mind his program with respect to the arrest of Joe Sampson and his wife, when he heard the unmistakable sounds of a fast-driven auto coming up behind him. He did not bother looking behind, but moved to one side of the road so as to give the machine lots of room to pass by. Sampson shut off the power and then steered so as to crowd the boy and his horse against the hedge. He picked up a wrench and held it in his hand, his face wearing an ugly look, as might be expected in a man who contemplated murder.

As the car drew near, Ed casually looked around. He recognized Sampson in surprise. He also saw the man's tactics. He started his horse ahead at a quicker pace to escape being forced off the road. Sampson put on the power again and quickly overhauled him.

"Stop, young fellow, I want to talk to you," he said.

"Keep off, then. I don't want to be run into. What do you want?"

"Get down and step into the car."

"What will I do that for? If you have anything to say to me go on and say it. I can hear you where I am."

"Get down or I'll run into the horse."

"What in thunder are you up to?"

By this time the auto had shot ahead and Sampson turned it across the road to block the boy's further progress.

"Ride up close to the car and I'll talk to you."

Scenting danger, Ed refused to come as close as the crook wanted him to.

"I'm waiting to hear what you have to say," said the boy, watching the rascal warily.

Sampson's reply was to fling the wrench at Ed's head. It came at him so quick that the best Ed could do was to fling up his arm to protect his head. The wrench passed through his guard and fetched him a stunning blow that quite staggered him. Sampson sprang out of the car and, seizing him by the arm, pulled him off the horse. Then he looked for the wrench to finish the lad. At that moment he heard the sounds of an approaching auto. He hit Ed a heavy blow in the head, and dragging him to his car shoved him in. Springing after him he backed the machine around and headed down the road. Putting on full power, he managed to keep ahead of the other car. Seeing that the road was clear ahead, he grabbed Ed by the throat and proceeded to choke him. The young bank clerk, however, was alive to his peril and he put up a desperate fight for

his life. He tore the rascal's grasp from his neck and held the fellow's wrists tightly.

"What do you mean by attacking me this way?" he said.

"Blame you, I'll have your life!" hissed Sampson.

"What for?"

"Because you have recognized me."

"Recognized you! What do you mean?" parried the boy.

"Oh, you know what I mean. I know you, and I know what you intended to do. I intend to prevent you carrying out your purpose."

"You're crazy, man."

"All right, I'm crazy."

Sampson tore one hand loose and struck at the boy's head. Ed bent down, and as he received a part of the blow he buried his teeth in the crook's thigh. The rascal uttered a yell of pain. Ed let go of his other wrist, seized his legs and lifted them up, unseating the fellow. Springing up in the rapidly speeding car, he began pounding Sampson for all he was worth, raining blows on his head and face till the scoundrel was dazed by the fierce onslaught. Ed then shut off the power, for he saw the roadhouse in the distance, and he didn't want to go there. His object now was to capture Sampson and take him a prisoner to the city, where he would turn him over to the police.

Hitting the crook a heavy blow under the ear, he put him completely out of business long enough to enable him to tie his hands. Then he put the brake on and stopped the car. Just then the auto following whizzed by, the four occupants looking curiously at the boy and his prisoner. Ed started to turn the car around. The crook tried to prevent him.

"Sit still, you rascal, or I'll give you another pounding," said the young bank clerk, pushing him back on the seat.

Sampson sprang up and jumped out into the road. Ed sprang after him and caught him before he could get far. Tripping him up, he took the fellow's handkerchief out of his pocket and tied his ankles together. Then he dragged him back to the car and left him in the road while he finished turning the car. After some trouble he succeeded in bundling the rascal into the back seat. Starting up, he ran toward the city. He found his horse walking along, nibbling at the hedge. Tying him behind the auto, he started on again at a pace to accommodate the horse.

In this way he reached the city streets. Seeing a policeman, he told him that he had captured a crook wanted in the East and asked him to get in and pilot the way to headquarters. The officer said that he couldn't leave his post, and furnished Ed with directions which, if followed, would take him directly to the station-house. Ed wrote them down on the back of an envelope and then went on. He finally reached his destination. The prisoner was taken into the building, protesting that his capture was an outrage. He was lined up at the desk and then the boy made his charge.

"This man is Joe Sampson, a New York crook, and he has been wanted in New Jersey for a crime committed about four months ago at an old roadhouse, twenty-five miles south of Jersey

City. A New York broker named George Leslie put up at his house to escape a rain-storm. This fellow drugged him, and then he and his wife robbed the broker of \$25,000 worth of Government bonds, \$8,000 in cash, a diamond pin, diamond cuff-buttons and other property. He also stole the broker's touring auto, which he used to travel out to this city in with his wife, who is as much of a criminal as he is. The police all over the country were asked to watch out for him. If you look up your records of four months ago you may find reference to a similar request. How long he has been in this vicinity I don't know, but he has a roadhouse three miles outside the city where he and his wife are conducting business under the name of Johnson," said Ed.

Sampson at this point again protested that his arrest was an outrage, and that he wasn't the person described by the boy. Ed said that the chief of police ought to be sent for to pass upon the case. The chief was sent for and came at once. Ed and the young prisoner were taken before him. The young bank clerk explained who he was and then told the story of the robbery of Broker Leslie. He swore that Sampson was the robber and that his wife, who could be found at the roadhouse outside the city, was his confederate. He asked that officers be sent to arrest the woman. The chief remembered something about a request he had received from the East about four months before, to look out for a man and woman whose description was furnished. The printed circular was hunted up and the description of Sampson fitted him close enough to convince the chief that he ought to be held, so the crook was locked up pending further investigation.

"The stolen car is outside. You'll have to take charge of it," said Ed.

"We'll look after all."

"A reward of \$10,000 has been offered for the arrest of these people and the recovery of the plunder. I intend to claim it. You will search the roadhouse for the bonds which are probably hidden away in a trunk. As for the money, the rascal, of course, must have used some of it to buy out the roadhouse, and the rest is probably deposited in some bank in this city under the name of Johnson. I only intend to stop about twenty-four hours in this city, as I have important business to look after in Goldfield, but now that I've caught this crook, and I may say his wife as well, I shall remain until things are straightened out. I shall telegraph Mr. Leslie at once that we've got the people who drugged and robbed him, and it is more than probable he will come right on to get his car and press matters against the prisoners."

As Ed took his leave, the chief gave orders for a couple of detectives to go to the roadhouse in the auto to arrest the woman and search the building for the bonds and any other property they found that coincided with the terms of the circular. Ed wrote a long dispatch to Broker Leslie and sent it off to New York. Ed then went to a restaurant for his supper and spent the evening at a theater. After breakfast he hurried to the station-house to learn if Mrs. Sampson had been arrested and what property had been recovered. The woman was in custody and the bonds were in the hands of the police. The diamond pin and cuff-buttons were found, too. A

bank-book showed where Sampson had money on deposit under the name of Johnson.

There was nearly \$7,000 to his credit. It was found that Sampson had a lease of the roadhouse which he had fitted up. The crook and his wife were brought before a magistrate that morning and they were held, pending instructions from the East. Ed wrote a letter to Jim Dixon, telling him that he would be detained a while in Denver, and explaining the cause of it.

About two o'clock Ed got a dispatch from Broker Leslie, congratulating him on the probability of his having won the \$10,000 reward, and saying that he would leave New York by the afternoon limited, via Chicago. In due time Mr. Leslie reached the city and Ed met him at the Adams Hotel, where he put up. A New York detective accompanied the broker. They then went together and saw the chief of police. After Mr. Leslie had learned all the particulars, he told the young bank clerk that he had won the \$10,000 reward fairly, and he would pay it to him on his return to New York. There being nothing further to detain Ed in Denver, he continued his journey to Goldfield.

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

The last stretch of Ed's journey was stirring and rocky. The automobile in which he started across the desert broke down, and it took several hours to patch it up so it would go on. The young bank clerk was glad to reach his journey's end. Goldfield was a surprise to him, though Dixon had told him it was some town. It was erected in an amphitheater of a dead volcano. Ed found Jim Dixon at the Miner's Roost, and received a rousing welcome.

"I suppose you'll prefer to put up at a better hotel than this," he said. "You can take your choice of the Goldfield Hotel and the Nevada House. I think the latter will suit you all right, so we'll go right around there," said Dixon.

They did, and Ed registered there. Dixon went with him to his room to have a confidential talk.

"I've been at work in the mine right along, following the continuation of the lode. I'm satisfied, from all indications, that we won't lose it again. The ore is richer than the original find and should make the mine of some importance in this locality. There are two other claims adjoining it in the direction the lode runs which can be bought cheap, for they haven't panned out. It is not improbable that the lode runs into one of them, and for that reason I advise you to buy them if you can afford to and hold them in your own name. They can be transferred to the company at any time."

After a long talk Ed invited Dixon to dine with him.

"We'll go out to the mine in the morning," said the prospector, "and I'll show you the lode."

After dinner Dixon showed Ed around town and took him to a successful mine close by, where he got his first insight into the mining business. In the morning Dixon called for him with two horses. They rode out to the mine, three miles away. There were two shafts upon it and a hoisting apparatus. They went down into the mine and stopped at the entrance to the main tunnel. Two

intersecting tunnels were connected with it and at the end of one of them the continuation of the lode was to be found. Although Ed had very little knowledge of mining, he saw the silver plainly apparent in the rock.

Dixon explained its richness to him, saying that it ought to assay at above \$400 a ton. After they reached the surface again they called on the owners to call on him the next day. On returning to Goldfield, Dixon and the young bank clerk talked over the reorganization of the company. The people in the town having Midas stock were visited and the shares purchased. Next day Ed bought the two adjacent claims in his own name, and the first steps were taken to revive the company. Dixon represented Ed as a young New Yorker with money. Several persons in the town who owned small holdings of Midas were induced to join with them on the assurance that the mine would be put in commission again.

In a few days the company was reorganized and Ed was elected president. Dixon was elected treasurer and manager. A vice-president and a secretary were also chosen. As soon as everything was in shape, Ed, as president, sent a notice to the papers about the discovery of the continuation of the lode and said work would begin on the mine at once. He told Dixon that he would personally advance the money to pay all expenses, and that the company could afterwards reimburse him. Accordingly, Dixon hired several men and put them at work on the lode.

The report that the Midas Mine had come to life created much interest in the vicinity, and they had many visitors who came to investigate the truth of the news. The mine was relisted on the Exchange, now that there was a growing demand for it at anywhere from five to ten cents a share. Ed now had 175,000 shares, and figuring its present value at seven cents his holdings in the mine was worth about \$12,000, and they had cost him altogether, with his advances to Dixon, less than \$600. Ed's vacation was now almost up, but as he was not ready to return, he wrote to his bank for an extension, which was granted.

In the next two weeks, during which time considerable ore was taken out of the mine, the stock advanced to ten cents a share. Leaving matters

in charge of Dixon, Ed returned East. On his arrival he learned that Sampson and his wife would shortly be brought on from Denver to stand trial at Cloverdale for the robbery. Broker Leslie paid him the \$10,000 reward, and then he tendered his resignation to the president of the Lawrence Bank.

When he went back to Goldfield he took his mother with him. But this was not till after the trial and conviction of Sampson and his wife, who were sent away—one to Sing Sing and the other to Auburn—for ten years, which good behavior would reduce to six years and eight months. With the winning of the \$10,000 reward, and the boy's resignation from the Lawrence Bank, our story properly ends, but the reader with doubtless wish to learn how Ed's mining operations turned out in the end.

Having a matter of \$60,000 at his back the young president of the mine was well able to finance the development of the property. The company authorized the issue of another 100,000 shares of stock. Instead of offering this for sale at the market price of ten cents, Ed took the whole of it himself and paid \$10,000 cash into the treasury, less what he had already advanced. He presented Dixon with 25,000 of the shares as a gift, and the balance gave him a holding of 250,000 shares of a total issue of 400,000. Only 75,000 shares were owned altogether by the general public.

Machinery needed for the work was bought, and a larger force of men was hired. Work proceeded rapidly and such good results followed that the stock of the mine was eagerly sought for. A few months later Midas mining shares were quoted at par, or \$1, thus doubling the boy's wealth. To-day the Midas Mine is still in operation, and has paid its stockholders large dividends. Its stock could probably be bought in small lots for from \$4 to \$5 a share, which is probably a fair value for it. And so we draw the curtain on the fortune of a young Wall Street bank clerk.

Next week's issue will contain "BOUGHT AT AUCTION; OR, THE BID THAT LED TO RICHES."

HERE IT IS!

THE publishers of "Moving Picture Stories" have been permitted by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to fictionize one of their greatest and most celebrated photoplays entitled "The Affairs of Anatol." It is a great story, fictionized by one of our best writers, and will interest you more than any story you have ever read. Do not fail to get a copy of "Moving Picture Stories," No. 450, out today on all news-stands, and read this wonderful story.

CURRENT NEWS

MOTOR-RUN WATCH CONTAINS OWN BATTERY.

An electric motor reduced to such a minute size that it can be used to operate the works of a watch of normal shape, is a recent French invention, described in Popular Mechanics. Beside the motor, the watch contains a battery, equally minute, to furnish the necessary current. This is a liquid battery in a water-tight case, with partitions, all of an indestructible material. The motor is only about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in diameter, and is composed of two concentric fields, with an armature mounted between them, all serrated. Its commutator is in the form of a small cavity which retains in it, by capillary attraction, one drop of mercury. What would correspond to the brush of the commutator is a thin metallic pin that moves in and out of this drop of mercury. There is, of course, no daily rewinding, and the only thing that ever requires attention is the battery, which, it is claimed, would have to be renewed only once a year.

DOCTOR THROWS RADIUM AWAY BUT RECOVERS IT.

Recovery of a tiny tube containing radium valued at \$6,000 which had become mixed with bandages in a physician's office and was thrown away, was announced recently by Arthur Roeder of 38 Pine Street, manager of the Radium Information Service. Zinc sulphide was used in the search for the tube, finally found in a cellar furnace.

Dr. W. F. Faison of 45 Glenwood Avenue, Jersey City, used the precious stuff in treating a patient and thought he had put it away safely. When he looked for it for another patient he could not find it. Suspecting that it had become mixed with discarded bandages, he called for A. Strobel, expert of the Radium Luminous Material Corporation, at Orange.

Strobel sprinkled zinc sulphide all about the cellar and then turned out the lights. Soon the watchers saw a small glowing patch among the ashes in the furnace and found the tube of radium, which, by its action, had caused the zinc sulphide to become luminous.

A DUST STORM AT SEA.

Recently one of our American merchant vessels, the Santa Rosalia, sent in three successive reports to the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture on its trip from Karatsu, Japan, to Taku, China, and thence to Shanghai, en route to Port Townsend. Accompanying its May report was a small envelope full of fine yellowish gray dust gathered up from the decks where it had fallen.

A note on the subject explained that the air was so full of the dust that sailing was hazardous, owing to impaired visibility. This was on April 13, in latitude 37 deg. 25 min. N., longitude 122 deg. 50 min. E., a point in the Yellow Sea near Port Arthur, on the peninsula now called Chosen, formerly Corea.

Investigation revealed that the same week there had been a violent continental cyclone or

dust storm many miles to the north in Mongolia, on the border of Siberia. Corroboration of the fact that quantities of this dust sufficient to impede vessels could be blown as far south as the East China and Yellow seas was valuable and interesting to scientific workers in this field all over the world.

WORLD'S GREATEST FIR TREES FOUND.

An evergreen forest of big fir trees which is in some respects the most remarkable in the world lies on the west slope of Mount Rainier in the Rainier National Park. A botanist of the Department of the Interior has just completed a survey of the region and his report is interesting. It describes the trees from the lowland to the extreme Alpine type. At the western boundary of the park Douglas fir reaches its greatest growth. Trees from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter form regular groves. In one area of perhaps an acre there are 250 trees, all of which measure over ten feet thick. It is almost a solid cubic acre of wood. Other areas of cedar display large numbers of gigantic size, forming the densest timber growth on the Pacific coast. The climatic condition accounts for the stupendous growth of tree life on the slope of the mountain. Great masses of vapor from the ocean move eastward and strike the big mountain of snow and immediately condenses into snow and rain, keeping the earth constantly moist during an unusually long, growing period. It is believed other areas of still larger trees may be discovered in the next survey.

PATIENT RETURNS \$120,000.

Strains of familiar hymns floating through the open windows of the Church of the Covenant on Sunday morning in Cincinnati were heard by Berger T. Jaeger, former street railway official of Minneapolis, when he was in his room, in an Eighth Street boarding house a few doors away and caused him to take the first step to make amends for his theft of \$120,000 in securities from the street railway company at Minneapolis.

Jaeger was arrested in Cincinnati and taken back to Minneapolis. The circumstances of his arrest and his confession when conversing with the Rev. Frank H. Stevenson, pastor of the church, more than a week ago, were not revealed by the Rev. Mr. Stevenson until after he learned that Jaeger had reached Minneapolis.

To the clergyman Jaeger had admitted his identity and a few of the facts of the theft and had asked the minister to mail a letter written by Jaeger to the President of the street railway company.

In this letter Jaeger declared he had become converted to Christianity and, desiring to make amends, would return without extradition papers to Minneapolis to face trial.

He promised to return the securities and also mortgage his home to refund the money he had spent out of \$5,000 in cash which he had taken when he disappeared last February.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"And who is Mrs. French?"

"She is my mother. My name is Lillian French. Mr. Rand, I am commencing to understand what a silly fool I have been to mix in criminal business, but I was flattered into it, told that I had natural gifts that way, and my head was turned with praise. I want to lead a better life, and I'm going to try my best to do so."

"And I'll help you," earnestly said Lew. "Now, where is Madge?"

"Wait a minute," said Lillian French. "Just describe to me how my mother's house was raided and what happened."

The young lawyer gave her a clear account of what had been done from the time that the police wagon rounded the corner nearest the house.

Lillian listened attentively to every word, and when Lew stopped talking she lifted her head in a positive manner.

"Why, it's as plain as day," was her comment. "That girl is still in the house, hidden away in some place that nobody would ever dream of looking into, for according to your account there was not time to remove her to any other house, although the sudden dash that was made by one of the men who was playing cards indicates that he meant to give some sort of a warning, and he wouldn't have done that unless the prisoner was in the house. You and the police searched all over the place and only saw my mother and the two men in the house, so it is as plain as day that there was no other reason for the man's sudden dash except that he had the prisoner on his mind and acted on the impulse of the moment. I tell you that Madge Morehouse is still there."

"Your reasoning is sound," admitted Lew, "and it all points to the probability of Madge being in the house, as you say, but if I were there this minute I would be puzzled to find a fresh corner to look in."

"That isn't necessary," said Lillian.

"What do you mean?"

"That there is no doubt in my mind that my mother knows, and you must make her tell."

"Good. I'll start at once."

"And take police with you?"

"Yes."

"This trouble is making you lose your shrewdness. The instant that the police were sighted, and you can make up your mind that eyes are looking for them from all sides of the house, my mother would quietly slip away, and you would have your trouble for your pains. It would be the same thing if she caught sight of your face, and she is the one you want."

"What shall I do, then?"

"Well, you've got to get into the house while she's there, and as luck will have it there are a lot of kettles and pans that leak badly, and which my mother has been saying she'll have repaired for the past week. If two tinkers should happen to go down that street shouting 'tinware to mend,' it's very probable that they'd get some jobs that would take them an hour or more to do outside the kitchen door, especially if the price was right."

"The price will be right," said Lew Rand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two Traveling Tinkers Strike Two Good Jobs That Are Followed By a Surprise.

The young lawyer realized that Lillian French had given him a shrewd suggestion, one that held out a fair promise of ultimate success, and he lost no time in carrying out the idea. Telling the prisoner that he hoped to be back before evening and withdraw his charge against her, he called the doorman into the corridor, showed him the dead body of his pet, gave him money to send out and buy a good meal for Lillian, made the matter known to the sergeant at the desk and asked that if anybody came for the empty dishes and the tray belonging to the poisoned meal that that should be arrested and kept without seeing any person who might call, and then went on his way.

Straight to the office he went, found Eddie Blakesley in the main room, and took him into his private office. There he told the shrewd office boy all that had taken place, and asked if he would join him in the matter.

The office boy eagerly assented to the proposition that he should become a tinker's assistant, and Lew gave him money to buy the outfit.

"And put on your oldest clothes," said Lew. "I've got a suit that I use to do gardening in and rough, dirty work around the house, and I think it will do for this job. When you get the little furnace you had better roll it around in the dirt, so as to take the new look away from it. Smut your face up pretty well with the charcoal, too."

"Leave it to me," said the shrewd boy.

"I don't know that anybody is watching you," said Lew, "although I am very sure that my movements are under constant inspection, but it would be just as well to keep your eyes open, and if you think you are being followed try to slip away. I'll meet you at my house in half an hour."

"I'll be there," said Eddie, and away he went.

Lew left the office soon after, walked to the nearest corner, stood there until a car came along and was nearly past him, and then made a swift run and caught it. He thus assured himself that if he really was under surveillance that he had eluded those who were spying on him.

He left the car after he had ridden several blocks, and went home, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, but seeing nothing suspicious. He was soon dressed in a very old suit, and then put on an old cap.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

DYING MAN PARDONED.

Because physicians reported that Frank Shank, a Sing Sing prisoner, could not recover from heart trouble he was pardoned by Acting Governor Wood and removed to his home in New York. This was the first pardon received at the prison in several weeks.

Shank was serving a one-year sentence imposed in Dutchess County for jail-breaking. On the Fourth of July, last year, he escaped from the Sing Sing farm at Wingdale. After a search he was found in a hospital. He said that he had fled in order to get treatment. The Acting Governor, on recommendation of Dr. Amos O. Squire, head prison physician, took a few weeks off Shank's sentence so that he would not have to die in prison. Shank is not expected to live more than a few days.

GERMAN CASUALTIES.

Germany's casualties in the great war were placed at 6,888,982 by Dr. William S. Bainbridge of New York, Commander in the Naval Medical Corps, in a recent address at Boston before the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States. The figure was determined through two years' service in Germany during the war as an observer and from the study of official and semi-official publications and statements in German, Dutch and Scandinavian magazines. The German losses were divided as follows: Killed in battle, 1,231,148; missing, 991,340; wounded, 4,211,481; died of disease, 155,013. It had been absolutely established, however, he stated, that 90 per cent. of the German wounded were refitted for service in the field or at the base hospitals, or rendered self-supporting. Of the sick and wounded who reached the home hospitals in Germany only 1.6 per cent. died.

READING THE BIBLE.

"Did you ever figure out how long it would take you to read the Bible?" asked an observant man. "Well, you would be surprised to know in what a short space of time you could finish the last chapter of the Holy Book. Of course there are men and women who read without knowing anything about what they read. They are the class of persons who never get lasting impressions from the book. They may pick out one or two chapters, but when it comes to the various phases of the story, they do not remember it. This is due largely to a sort of unconscious bias which the reader shows for one character or another, or to an abnormal sympathy for some of the silent actors in the plot. But there are persons on the other hand who read critically, and who can talk about the book they have read when they come to lay it aside. Readers of this latter kind will be considered in the calculation which follows:

"There are in the Old and New Testaments combined a total of 66 books, containing 1,180

chapters, 31,173 verses, and a total of 773,692 words, approximately. The Old Testament contains 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, and approximately 592,239 words, while in the New Testament there are 27 books, 260 chapters, 7,959 verses, and 181,253 words, approximately. Adding these together, we get the total given. How long will it take a person to read the Old Testament with its 592,239 words, or the 131,253 words of the New Testament? How long to read the 773,692 words of both? A man can read understandingly 100 words every minute. By hurrying, a man can read 160 words, or probably more. I will assume that a man can read critically; that is, carefully and understandingly, at least 60 words a minute. That is slow reading, being only 3,600 words an hour. Suppose a man should devote an hour a day to the Bible.

"At this rate, he would read 108,000 words in thirty days, or in a month's time. At this rate, he would read the Old Testament in less than two months. The whole Bible could be read in less than eight months by devoting simply one hour to it each day. Yet there are few persons outside of students who claim to have read the Bible from lid to lid. Which argues that the age is strangely perverse."

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The Renegade's Fate.

By KIT CLYDE.

"Then you will not listen to me?"

"No. I believe you to be a wicked man, and I will never consent to sacrifice my child to such as you."

"But if she loves me?"

"She does not—she cannot! She knows your evil reputation, and her heart is another's."

"I will wait. She loves me, and will be mine. I am sure of it."

"Never! And now, as we have already prolonged this meeting beyond reason, go, and never speak to me on the subject again."

"Very well, Giles Raynor, I shall not. I shall speak to your daughter instead."

"Do so at your peril, Tom Walden! Now, go!"

"Good-morning, Farmer Raynor, and a better temper to you when we meet again."

The man whose suit had been refused went away with a smile upon his dark face, and without the least threat against his rival, or the man who had given him his dismissal, nor the least suggestion that he meant otherwise than to honestly win the girl whom he professed to love.

Giles Raynor was a settler in the far Northwest, and a man of importance in the little town which he had founded.

Tom Walden had come among the settlers within a year, and had affected a great liking for Grace Raynor, the farmer's daughter, and had asked for her hand in marriage.

Walden claimed to be a lumberman, but there were those who said that he had come into this lonely region to get ahead of an evil reputation, and although he might be what he avowed, he was no honest man seeking to make a living in these wilds.

It was said, although not too openly, that Tom Walden was a gambler and a thief; that he had fled to escape punishment for his crimes, and that even now, in his new home, he was not above deception, and that many had been made victims of his unscrupulous methods.

Grace Raynor had expressed an open dislike to him, and was reported to be engaged to marry Jack Woodson, an honest young fellow at work in the sawmill in town, the only support of a widowed mother, and as free-hearted, generous-hearted a young man as one could meet.

No one knew definitely if the young people were engaged, for they kept their own counsel, and when shyly questioned about the matter replied that people would know all about it as soon as it became necessary for them to do so.

Tom Walden left the farmer's house, ostensibly to go to work in the woods, and Giles Raynor gave little thought to him, having other matters to occupy his mind.

He left his daughter to look after the house, and usual, when he went into the fields, saying nothing to her about Walden's proposal, not deeming it necessary to worry her.

When he came home at noon his wife said that

Grace had gone to another town to make some purchases, being unable to obtain what she wanted in their own village, expecting to return by the middle of the afternoon.

When evening came she had not returned, and the farmer began to feel a vague alarm concerning her, although Walden had uttered no threats against her, or any one in whom she was interested.

At nightfall a boy brought a note to the farmer, saying that it had been given him by a woman closely veiled, an hour before, on the extreme verge of the town.

The note read as follows:

"Dear Father: I have gone away with the man I love—Tom Walden. Do not pursue us, for we will not be brought back alive. By the time you receive this we will be married."

"GRACE."

The farmer handed the note to his wife, his face expressing the astonishment he felt.

"It is not true," said Mrs. Raynor. "Grace told me only this noon that she loved Jack Woodson, and that they intended to be married in the fall, but that they did not want it generally known just yet."

"Then this scoundrel Walden has carried her off!" cried the farmer.

"Grace never wrote that letter," said his wife. "She is a truthful girl, and has told me often that she never loved any one but Jack, and to-day, as I told you, she said that she and Jack had fixed on the day for their wedding."

The farmer took the note, put on his glasses, and read it again, more carefully.

"It's her handwriting, as sure as I sit here," he said, "but that scoundrel has made her write it, and has carried her off."

"Grace would die sooner than write a lie," said the mother.

At that moment Jack Woodson entered the room.

"Where is Grace? What is this story I hear?" he asked excitedly.

The farmer handed him the note, which he read hurriedly, and then tossed upon the floor.

"It's a lie! a false, cruel lie!" he cried. "My darling never wrote that—never could write it. It's the work of that villain, Walden. Do you know what I have just heard? Tom Walden was arrested on a charge of forgery in Chicago—would have gone to prison, for his conviction was certain, but jumped his bail, and fled. His name is not Walden at all. There is a man at the hotel who knows all about him, and described him this very hour. More than that, there is an old indictment against him in New York for murder. The plea was self-defence, and the case never came to trial. Now they have new evidence that he deliberately murdered the man. He was then known as Tom Walden. My Grace run away with a man like that! Never! He has carried her off, and has written this note himself to deceive us. He has stolen her, but I will pursue him and bring her back, if I have to kill him to do it!"

Then, without further words, he rushed from the house into the darkness.

The next morning he had disappeared, and no

one knew where he had gone, nor for months did the settlers hear tidings of him or of Grace or of Tom Walden.

In one of the wildest parts of the Northwest woods an Indian village had been built.

There were no white settlers within many miles, and the tribe was said to be a peaceful one, never going on the warpath, and always treating with kindness the few straggling whites who made their way into the wilderness.

In one of the larger lodges of the village, one pleasant afternoon in the late autumn, were a man of about forty and a girl not much over twenty.

The girl's complexion was fair, and she had none of the characteristics of the Indian, although dressed like one.

The man was tall and swarthy, with long, black hair, which hung straight down upon his broad shoulders, his face was cruel and crafty, and his every look was evil.

He was dressed in half savage, half civilized style, wearing a fur cap, an embroidered hunting-shirt of buckskin, woolen trousers, heavy boots, and a red sash in which were thrust a brace of pistols and a knife.

"See here, Grace," he said to the girl who sat before him on a low couch of skins, "I haven't brought you here for nothing, and you must be my wife."

"Never, Tom Walden, or whatever your evil name is," said the girl. "Far from home and friends, among these wild and savage men, less pitiless than you are, I can still defy you. I will never be your wife."

"These people are my allies," said Walden. "I have inflamed them against the whites, and they are ready to go on the warpath if I bid them. They will kill you as soon as any one, if I give the word, and I will if you do not consent to—"

"Never!" cried Grace, springing to her feet. "I doubt not that you have told many lies to account for my disappearance, since you dragged me from my home by your baseness. You are false enough to make war against your own people, but I do not fear you, no matter what you threaten. Kill me, if you will, and release me from my misery!"

"I've a mind to take you at your word!" cried Walden, seizing the girl by the wrist and raising his knife as if to strike.

The maiden never flinched; but at that moment an Indian youth sprang into the lodge and threw himself between the renegade and the girl.

"White man no strike the white flower!" he cried.

"Who are you?" growled the man, looking fixedly at the youth.

"Me Young Elk. Me live far off, me come to village, me have friend."

"Well, Mr. Young Elk, this is my squaw, and you will take yourself off and mind your—"

"Paleface lie! The white flower is not his squaw!" the young Indian replied.

"Get out of here!" hissed the renegade.

"No! Young Elk stay. White flower need friend. Me be her friend."

"Blame you!" hissed Walden. "We'll see if any mere boy can defy me! Out of the way, dog!"

"No," said the Indian. "Not while white flower stay Young Elk be friend to white woman; bad paleface shall not strike."

"Thank you, my friend, but I fear him not," said Grace.

"I will conquer you yet!" hissed the renegade, as he rushed from the lodge, the Indian boy having stepped aside.

As soon as Walden had gone, Grace left the lodge and hurried into the forest, where she ran on till she reached a pool of water which made its way swiftly into a cave amid the great ledges of rock.

The spot was at some distance from the village, the trees grew thick and high, and the path between them was narrow and winding, and easily lost; but the girl had evidently been there before, for when she reached the opening in front of the pool she looked around her with an air of security.

Walden, leaving the lodge, went to the chiefs, whom he found gathered in council.

"Who is Young Elk?" demanded Walden.

"He is my kinsman," said one of the chiefs.

"He is a meddler!" snarled the renegade. "I will kill him if he does not take care!"

"False Heart lies, he has told us crooked tales of the paleface, he is a bad man. He would make us go on the warpath when the whites have not wronged us. It is he who will have to take care lest Young Elk kill him."

Inflamed with rage, Walden left the council and hurried into the forest. As he hurried along the narrow path he was followed by Young Elk.

Reaching the opening, Walden found Grace upon her knees at the edge of the pool. "I cannot bear to leave this bright world," she murmured, "but I could not bear the disgrace, the shame of being that man's wife! Oh, why is there no one to help me?"

"Die, if you will have it so!" cried the renegade, raising his hand to strike.

Upon the instant, the young Indian who had been trailing him, sprang forward, seized the renegade by the throat and hurled him into the pool.

"Grace, my darling!" he cried, taking the girl in his strong grasp and drawing her away.

"Jack! You!" she cried. "Then you are Young Elk?"

"No; he is my friend. He it was who found you here in the village, and told me, and came too soon. I have sought you in many places. The Indian boy who gave your father the message forged by Walden confessed that the white man had taken you to some tribe far away, and I began my search. I went from tribe to tribe, finding you not, and at last met Young Elk, whom I saved. He went with me from village to village, making inquiries, and here at last he found you. But what has become of that second man?"

"The strong current must have carried him into yonder cave," said Grace. "The Indians say the stream never issues forth after leaving the light."

"Then the second man has met his just reward for all his crimes," said Jack.

It is needless to say that Grace's parents were overjoyed at her return, and on the appointed day Jack and Grace became man and wife.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

OSTRICH ROARS LIKE LION.

A lecturer at the London "Zoo" said that very few people knew that an ostrich roared. The roars of an ostrich and a lion were so alike, says the Scientific American, that Dr. Livingstone could never distinguish the difference, save by the fact that the bird roared by day and the lion by night.

WHALE HITS STATEN ISLAND.

A young whale, measuring 18 feet, was pulled ashore at Midland Beach, S. I., recently by Wash Lane, proprietor of the Midland Beach Hotel, after it had been stranded on a shoal by George Rand, his night watchman.

Soon after it was towed ashore the whale died, and its captors, fearing to run afoul of the Health Department, carried it to Swinburne Island, where they hope to salvage its bone and oil, which they estimate are worth about \$1,500. It was the first whale landed at Staten Island in the recollection of old mariners, and large crowds who had heard the news of its arrival went down in the afternoon to see the visitor, but were disappointed when they found it had been removed.

SWEET POTATOES FOR THE CANDY MANUFACTURER.

By a roundabout process the sweet potato is to be turned into an important raw material for the candy maker. The succulent Southern tuber is, of course, first turned into syrup and the candy follows in due course; for, contrary to the usual belief, not all candy is made from sugar, syrups forming an appreciable part of the supplies. The increased use of the sweet potato will be a boon to the not too prosperous Southern farmer as it will enable him to diversify and rotate his crops, and if the cotton or tobacco crop is bad will tend to equalize the losses, for sweet potatoes are easily grown. The molasses factory will take the "sweets" and turn them into syrup, giving the farmer a much higher profit from his crop. The factories will be located in sections where the sweet potato is most easily grown, and this will give the farmers of those sections a new line of profitable agricultural endeavor.

CLAIMS THIS GUN WILL SHOOT FIVE TONS 300 MILES.

"This gun will put an end to wars. It will make war too terrible for nations to engage in it." Such was Dr. Miller Reese Hutchinson's claim for a new weapon he exhibited at a tent the other afternoon in the Woolworth Building.

It is said of this gun that it can hurl a five-ton projectile from 200 to 300 miles at an initial velocity of from one to five miles a second. The assertion is made that the weapon has a variety of commercial uses, one of which is underwater rivetting. It is noiseless and smokeless.

Its demonstration was made in connection with the announcement of Miller-Reese-Hutchinson, Inc., a concern whose purpose is to aid inventors.

Among the directors of the company, of which Mr. Hutchinson is the head, are Hudson Maxim, inventor of smokeless powder; Sir Edgar Raase Jones, M. P., the European director; Rear Admiral Samuel N. McGowan, U. S. N., retired; William M. Williams, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and many engineers, scientists and business men.

LAUGHS

"There's no coal left in the cellar, ma'am." "Why didn't you tell me before, Mary?" "Because there was some, ma'am."

"Weren't you fired by the enthusiasm at the baseball game?" "Nope, I was fired by the boss."

The Prisoner—There goes my hat. Shall I run after it? Policeman Casey—Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat.

Reed—Did you hear about my neighbor losing control of his automobile? Greene—No, I didn't. "Well, he did. The sheriff's got it now."

"What are you crying for?" "The teacher licked me fo-for something I did-didn't do!" "Something you didn't do! What was it?" "M-m-my lessons!"

Little Girl—Oh, mamma, you'll have to send dat new nurse off. She's awful wicked! Mamma—Horrors! What does she do? Little Girl—She tells us Bible stories on week days.

"That husband of mine has gone too far." "What's the trouble now?" "Why, last night he actually complained that my mustard plasters were not as hot as those his mother used to make."

"Job was supposed to be a most patient man," remarked the Observer of Events and Things. "but we never heard of any one seeing him trying to get a live eel off a fishhook."

Customer (in grocery store picking away at the raisin-box)—What are these raisins worth, boy? Boy—Fi'cents. Customer—What! only five cents a pound? Boy—No; fi' cents fer wot you've eat.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

POKER, BEER AND KISSING.

Dancing, smoking and the use of rouge are not "signs of a decadent womanhood." Present day criticism of collegiate students' "immorality" is unjustified. Water, milk and beer are the most popular drinks. Basketball, handball and poker are the favorite indoor sports.

A tabulation of the vote of the senior class of Columbia College on a long list of questions revealed these opinions as the prevailing sentiments.

Fifty-five of the men "approve" kissing and twelve of them oppose it. Fifty of them "indulge" in kissing and eighteen answered that they did not do so. Thirty-eight of the seniors admitted they "did enjoy a drink" and twenty-two said they were "off the stuff."

The question, "Are the girls on the campus a disturbing factor?" elicited thirty-six negative replies to thirty-five affirmative answers. The "city environments" of New York, according to forty of the students, "impairs" college life, but twenty members of the class do not consider Columbia's geographical situation detrimental.

PHYSICIAN'S WIFE IS LUCKY.

Securities valued at \$26,000 were lost the other day by Mrs. Edwin Carman who was acquitted of a charge of killing Mrs. Louise Bailey on June 10, 1915, in the office of Dr. Edwin Carman, her husband, in Freeport, L. I.

The securities were lost while Mrs. Carman was riding with her husband in an automobile, she having drawn them from the First National Bank. They belonged to her father, Platt Conklin, a retired manufacturer, to whom she was taking them. Among them were \$1,500 worth of Liberty bonds.

The loss was discovered during a stop on Main Street. The police were immediately notified. An alarm was sent out to neighboring towns, and to New York.

Meanwhile Franklin Bedell of the Street Cleaning Department had swept the three envelopes into his shovel and dumped them into his refuse wagon without paying particular attention to them. He heard of the Carman loss and searched through the refuse when he got to the dump. There he found the envelopes and turned them over to the police who restored them to Mrs. Carman.

BEES PAY THEIR COLLEGE DUES.

A large area of burnt-over land, long ago devastated by forest fire, is being turned into honey by two university girls, Harriet Fuller and Ragira Carlson, of Seattle.

They began operation about May 1, when they surprised the natives around by arriving with two trucks loaded with hives of bees, which they deposited at the foot of Longspur Hill, Nisqually, Wash., and the old abandoned cabin was made tenable.

The big secret of the honey making business lies in the vast acreage of fire-weed which in-

variably springs up in the trail of forest fires and is one of the best honey yielding plants in the Northwest.

There are great hordes of bees here studded with charred, spike-branched trees and second growth herbaceous, dotted with the fire-weed, which stands about 3 feet high and bears long spikes of brilliant crimson pink flowers.

From experiments made by the Agricultural Department, last year a single colony of bees has been found to gather 500 pounds of honey from this species of plant.

The girls have invested in 100 hives of bees and they plan to sell enough honey this fall to pay their expenses through the next three years at the university. Their apiary is seven miles from this village and the land is sparsely settled, but the young women are used to pioneer life. They estimate a yield of 4,000 pounds of honey this year.

SHARK FISHERIES IN NORTH PACIFIC.

With the supply of raw material unlimited, an industry new to this country is flourishing at Parker Island, between Galiano and Mayne Island, in the Gulf of Georgia. It is the business of catching sharks, and a week's catch at the beginning of May ran to eighty, with an average weight of over a ton each.

Nelson MacDonald, of Victoria, B. C., who operated the first shark-eating machinery on the island, declares there will never be a shortage, as there are millions in the waters surrounding the island. "In fact, the further north you go the more sharks you will find, and from here to Alaska are their feeding grounds," Mr. MacDonald said. "Taking them from the bottom of the sea is automatic. Norway has a number of such industries. The only real hook for catching them, which works on a swivel, comes from there, and the so-called cod-liver oil, which invades the markets of the world, is really shark-liver oil, manufactured in Norway."

Nothing is wasted in a shark plant. There is no finer fish meat than that made from the bodies of the sharks. As a fertilizer it is superior to dog-fish. The head of the shark is full of glue of a highly valuable quality, and the fins are a much prized Chinese food delicacy. Orientals here paying as much as \$3 a pound for it. The liver content runs from 60 to 70 per cent. of finest oil, of which about 10 per cent. is glycerine. Shark's teeth are in demand in many parts of the world and fetch a high price for the manufacture of ornaments. What bones there are, and they are few, go into the fertilizer part of the industry.

The greatest interest in this new industry is being manifested in the manufacture of hides. Several American companies have been formed and much research work is being done at present. The shark hides run from an inch in thickness to the consistency of paper in the baby shark. In Seattle they are manufacturing hat boots from shark hides and they are declared to be completely waterproof.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

OSAGE INDIANS ALL MADE RICH.

Sale at auction of thirty thousand acres of Osage Indian reservation oil lands near Tulsa, Okla., for \$4,500,000, plus a bonus of one-sixth of the oil produced from the land, was approved the other day by the Interior Department.

The land went to oil operators, and approximately 2,000 members of the Osage tribe participate in the proceeds of the sale. It was estimated each would receive an annual income of \$10,000, and the Osage Indians become the richest people in the world per capita.

TOBACCO INJURIOUS ONLY WHEN ABUSED.

It may interest those now engaged in the anti-tobacco crusade to read the report made by Drs. W. J. Gies, M. Cahn and O. V. Limerick to the New York Medical Journal on their exhaustive study of the effects of tobacco on man. They assert that its habitual use is not harmful to adults, but that, on the contrary, it is distinctly beneficial to certain types.

As for the habitually excessive use of tobacco, they say it may prove harmful to certain types of individuals, but that this is true of many other things, including all foods, when habitually taken to excess.

In certain diseases of the nerves and blood vessels tobacco may do harm, and its habitual use by juveniles is always harmful. But they assert that tobacco is not a cause of disease of either mind or body.

WHEN I THROW A BALL INTO THE AIR WHILE WALKING, WHY DOES IT FOLLOW ME?

When you throw a ball into the air when moving your body forward or backward, either slowly or fast, the ball partakes of two motions—the one upward and the forward or backward motion of your body. The ball possessed the motion of your body before it left your hand to go up into the air because your body was moving before you threw it up, and the ball was a part of you at the time.

If you are moving forward up to the time you throw the ball into the air and stop as soon as you let go of the ball, it will fall at some distance from you. Also if you throw the ball up from a standing position and move forward as soon as the ball leaves your hand the ball will fall behind you, provided you actually threw it straight.

Of course, you know that the earth is moving many miles per hour on its axis and that when you throw a ball straight into the air from a standing position, the earth and yourself as well as the ball move with the earth a long distance before the ball comes down again. The relative position is, however, the same. We get our sense of motion by a comparison with other objects. If you are in a train that is moving swiftly and another train goes by in the opposite direction moving just as fast, you seem to be going twice

as fast as you really are. If the train on the other track, however, is going at the same rate as you are, you will appear to be standing still.

Going back to the ball again, you will find that it always partakes of the motion of the body holding it in addition to the motion given when it is thrown up.—*Book of Wonders.*

HELPING THE AUTOMOBILE WITH CHICKEN WIRE.

Chicken wire laid over deep and shifting sand provides almost perfect traction for the automobile, according to a San Francisco motorist who demonstrated the value of chicken wire for this purpose over a sandy stretch that otherwise could not have been negotiated.

A seven-passenger car was driven into deep sand until it would not move forward another inch. A roll of chicken wire was unwound and one end placed under the rear wheels. The car was then easily backed out of the sand. To drive forward in sand it is necessary to spread the wire in front of the car so that the rear wheels will have traction the moment they touch the sand. The wire must be at least two feet wider than the distance between the right and left wheels. The longer the roll the farther the car can be driven over sand without going through the operation of shifting the wire from back to front of the car.

Members of the party that witnessed the demonstration expressed the opinion that no tourist traveling any distance where he was likely to get stuck in soft sand or mud could afford to be without chicken wire in his equipment. The best size and method recommended is a piece of wire about three or four feet wider than the car and two or more times the wheel base. On account of the extreme flexibility of ordinary chicken wire, a piece this size could be folded once or twice and then rolled up. In this form it could be conveniently carried. When needed it would save much hard work and grief, and might well repay the owner of the car for the cost of getting it and the trouble of finding space and carrying it.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

A GAS ATTACK ON DESTRUCTIVE BUGS.

The deadly fumes of hydrocyanic acid gas are used in eradicating objectionable bugs and fungi from citrus fruit trees. As a couple of whiffs of this gas spell sure death to the workmen, great care has to be exercised in treating the trees. A graduated scale is so painted on the outside of the canvas bag that is employed for the administering of the gas, and that forms the subject of the accompanying view, as to indicate how much gas is required for any given tree. As the canvas bag is placed over the tree, the graduated scale indicates the size of the tree; and by subsequent reference to the poison record on the automatic engine which makes and distributes the gas, the attendant can accurately determine exactly how much poison gas to give each tree. The treatment occurs in the late afternoon and the canvas bag is wrapped around each tree in turn for a period of forty minutes, which is considered ample time to gas the undesirable bugs and growths.



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WARREN BIGELOW, the Finger Print Detective, was making his usual review in the morning newspapers. He had just finished reading the press reports of the daring robbery of the offices of the T—O— Company when the telephone on his desk rang. Central Office was calling, asking him to come immediately to the scene of the robbery.

Although he drove his high powered roadster rapidly and arrived very shortly at his destination, he had plenty of time to consider the main features of the case as reported by the press. The job had undoubtedly been done by skilled cracksmen and robbers of uncommon nerve. Sixty-five hundred dollars in currency—the company pay-roll—were gone. Not a single, apparent clew had been found by the police.

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On his arrival, Bigelow was greeted by Nick Austin, Chief of Detectives, who had gone over the ground thoroughly.

"Hello, Warren. Here's a job that has us stumped. I hope you can unravel it for us."

By this time, the district officers and the operatives from Central Office had almost given up the investigation. After hours of fruitless efforts, their work was at a standstill. They were completely baffled.

With lively interest and a feeling of relief they stepped back to await the results of the Finger Print Detective's findings. They were fairly awed at his quiet, assured manner. The adroit old Chief himself was manifestly impressed at the quick, sure way in which Bigelow made his investigation.

Almost immediately Bigelow turned his attention to a heavy table which had been tipped up on its side. Examination of the glossy mahogany showed an excellent set of finger prints. The thief might just as well have left his calling card.

To make a long story short his prints were photographed and taken to Central Office, where they were matched with those of "Big Joe" Moran, a safe blower well known to the police. Moran was subsequently caught and convicted on Bigelow's testimony and finger-print proof. Most of the money was recovered. In the meantime the T—O Company had offered a \$500.00 reward, which was given to Bigelow—his pay for two hours' work.

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The London (England) correspondent of the Medical Record (New York) writes that two members of the staff of the London Hospital have invented two important additions to the surgeon's art. One of these, a new form of sterilized catgut, is the result of over ten years' expert investigation by Mr. H. P. Morley, the chief of the Ligature Department, who has, it is said, produced a catgut that is not only absolutely sterilized but will "persist" or last for definite periods of ten, twenty, thirty, or forty days in the wound as the surgeon may require, and then become rapidly absorbed after the time specified.

The second invention is that of Mr. H. S. Souttar, head of the surgical unit of the hospital, and consists of an eyeless needle. The needle has in place of an eye a minute hole bored longitudinally in the head. An end of the catgut is placed in this and sealed in so that the surgeon can sew with a single thread. Both the inventors have placed their inventions at the disposal of the London Hospital.

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